

Newport Mercury

WHOLE NUMBER 9201

NEWPORT, R. I., JANUARY 5, 1924

VOLUME CLXVI—NO. 38

The Mercury

—PUBLISHED BY—

The MERCURY PUBLISHING CO.

JOHN P. SANBORN } Editors
A. H. SANBORN }

Mercury Building

121 THAMES STREET
NEWPORT, R. I.

Established June, 1858, and is now in its one hundred and sixty-sixth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the Union, and with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of four pages, containing a large amount of news, editorial, local and general news, well selected miscellany, and valuable farmers' and household departments. Reaching so many households in this and other States, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

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Local Matters

SOME WELL KNOWN CITIZENS WHO HAVE DIED THE PAST YEAR

Newport, city and county, have lost many prominent citizens during the past year. Among the number are Patrick J. Boyle, for 17 years mayor of Newport, Jan. 30; Henry Clews, one of Newport's oldest and best known summer residents, Jan. 31; Arnold James, March 23, aged 86; Job A. Peckham, March 31, aged 85; William S. Hazard, April 3; Stuyvesant Fish, summer resident, April 18; Philip H. Case, April 30, aged 90; Helmes Jouvet, for more than sixty years foreman of the Mercury, May 21, aged 87; James H. Hampton, Civil War veteran, June 1; Henry C. Anthony, Portsmouth, June 7, aged 70; Frank E. Thompson, for fifty years the head of the Rogers High School, and one of the best known educators in the country, July 31; Andrew K. Quinn, for many years the head of the Newport Gas Co., Sept. 14; Thomas H. Lawton, for more than sixty years a member of the Artillery Company, Oct. 8, aged 88; Restcom P. Manchester, Portsmouth, Oct. 16; Edward T. Bazworth, Oct. 22; Joshua B. Bacheller, Oct. 24; Edward Almy, Portsmouth, Nov. 17; Benjamin F. Tanner, Nov. 19; Peter Schneider, Civil War veteran, Nov. 20; Gen. Charles W. Abbot, Adjutant General of the state, Nov. 29; James R. Chase, Middletown, Dec. 17; Rev. Martin K. Schermerhorn, former pastor of Channing Memorial Church, Dec. 11, aged 83; George E. Rice, Dec. 28, aged 82; Benjamin W. H. Peckham, Middletown, Dec. 28; Chief of Police John S. Tobin, Dec. 31.

CHANGEABLE WEATHER

The weather of January has given us a variety that is rather greater than is found even in New England in the winter season. A heavy snowstorm began last Sunday evening and continued through the night, so that by Monday morning there was a large amount of snow on the ground. Then it turned to rain, followed by fog, and the accumulation disappeared almost as rapidly as it came, but for a number of hours the streets were filled with snow and slush that made it very disagreeable to be out. On Tuesday a sudden drop in temperature came and during the night the thermometers registered about the coldest of the winter. Wednesday afternoon it began to moderate again and during the night the rain fell in torrents, accompanied by high winds. There was trouble at intervals with the electric wires in different sections of the city, but fortunately no serious damage was done.

In other sections of the state, there was much more snow than in Newport, as part of the rain that fell here was snow in the northern part of the state. However, even that disappeared during the rain of Wednesday night.

An important decision has been handed down by Judge Baker in the Superior Court in the case brought by Michael Stoneman, asking that a note and mortgage given by him to the Polishesen Company be set aside and cancelled. The decision is in favor of the Company, and the Court, in a long rescript, finds that the allegation of duress on the part of the petitioner is unfounded.

Master-elect William H. Bevans and the appointive officers of St. John's Lodge, No. 1, A. F. & A. M., will be installed next Monday evening by District Deputy Grand Master Augustus F. Rose of Providence.

CHIEF JOHN S. TOBIN

John S. Tobin, Chief of Police of the City of Newport, died at his home on Spring street early Monday morning, after an illness of several months. Although he had been suffering and had been confined to his home for some time, a fatal termination was not expected, and the announcement of his death came as a great shock to the entire community. A hemorrhage of the brain was the immediate cause of death. Since the late summer Chief Tobin had been under the care of a physician, and in October he went to the Virginia Hot Springs in the hope that a change of climate might be beneficial, but the physicians there directed him to return home almost immediately. He had since been confined to the house, and had been in bed during most of the time.

Mr. Tobin was born in Newport in 1871, and received his education in the public and parochial schools. As a youth, he was employed in various capacities, and was appointed a patrolman by the late Mayor Boyle on May 1, 1898. This was during the Spanish American War, when Newport was a garrison town, with plenty of liquor for all who wished, so that there was plenty of opportunity for duty. Tobin and the other young patrolmen were given posts where there was much activity, and he encountered plenty of trouble during his first years on the force. In 1908 he was made Inspector by Mayor Clarke, and in this capacity came into contact with many habitual criminals. He had a well trained memory for faces, and soon established a reputation that caused Newport to be shunned by the professional criminal.

In February, 1918, Mr. Tobin was appointed Chief of Police by Mayor Burdick, and during his incumbency of that important office he had given the same disinterested service that had marked his previous career in the department. He gave of his very best to maintain the law without fear or favor, and his efforts met with the commendation of every law-abiding citizen. His work had been warmly praised by the Ministers' Union as well as by other civic organizations, and the commanding officers of the Army and Navy appreciated his struggle to keep the city clean. He was absolutely fearless, and had been in many a desperate struggle where he had a strong possibility of losing his life. In spite of his life-long experience with violators of the law of every kind, he had never lost his natural warm-heartedness, and frequently contributed from his own pocket to aid some poor unfortunate who had fallen into the clutches of the law. At times, deceived by his mild manner, strangers ventured to try to impose upon him, but they never tried a second time.

Chief Tobin was well and favorably known far beyond the borders of Newport. He was at all times in close touch with the departments of other cities, and worked in close co-operation with them in dealing with professional criminals. He attended the sessions of police chiefs whenever he could and was continually widening his acquaintance in his profession.

In his younger days Mr. Tobin had a wide reputation as an athlete, playing on many local teams at various sports. He was a member of Newport Council, Knights of Columbus; Newport Camp, Modern Woodmen of America; and Land's End Lodge, Loyal Order of Moose. He was a member of the executive committee of Newport County Boy Scouts.

He is survived by two brothers, William H. and Matthew D. Tobin, and a sister, Miss Mary E. Tobin, with whom he made his home. He was never married.

Funeral services were held at St. Mary's Church on Thursday morning, and were attended by a great gathering of people from all sections of the community. The remains were escorted from the home to the church, and from the church to Bliss Road, by an imposing cortege. The line was headed by the Training Station Band and a company of apprentice seamen from the Training Station, through the courtesy of Captain Evans. They were followed by the Mayor, Board of Aldermen and members of the city government. The entire available police force came next under the command of Captain Patrick L. Sweeney, acting Chief of Police. They were followed by the Newport Fire Department, Knights of Columbus, Loyal Order of Moose, and citizens.

After leaving the church the cortege proceeded down Spring and Pelham streets to Thames, to Washington Square to Broadway to Bliss Road, where the escort was drawn up to allow the funeral party to pass on the way to St. Columba's cemetery. The bearers were Patrolmen Frank J. Eckhart, Daniel Sugrue, William P. Kain, Daniel J. Buckley, Andrew F. Newton, Edward G. Sullivan, Messrs. J. Thom-

as Collins, John J. Conron, George W. Martin, and James C. Walsh.

During the time of the funeral all city offices were closed, and the shades were drawn in the business houses as the procession passed through the business section.

VACANCY TO BE FILLED

The death of Chief of Police John S. Tobin causes a vacancy in that important office, about which there is much speculation. The appointive power rests with the Mayor, subject to the approval of the Board of Aldermen. No intimation has been given as to whether Mayor Sullivan will appoint some member of the permanent police department or will name someone wholly outside the present force, as he has the power to take either course.

Captain Patrick L. Sweeney is the present acting Chief, pending the appointment. He was appointed to the force at about the same time as the late Chief Tobin. Lieutenant Schneider, the second in command, has been on the force for a little longer period. Inspector Palmer, the head of the detective department, has been mentioned by people on the street as a possible choice for Chief.

Many civilians have been thought of as possibilities for the office, but Mayor Sullivan will probably give no intimation of his intentions until he sends the name to the Board of Aldermen for confirmation. It is barely possible that the members of the board might take the bit between their teeth if the name should not suit them.

It is safe to say, however, that there is, hardly a more important office in the whole city than that of Chief of Police, and Mayor Sullivan will doubtless give the matter very careful consideration.

SHEFFIELD SITE SELECTED

The commission to secure a site and prepare plans for the erection of a new Court House in Newport, have announced that they have secured options on the old Sheffield property at the head of the Mall, with the former Bliss property adjoining, as the location for the new building. Plans are being prepared by a number of architects, and some designs are already in hand, while others are expected in the near future. The commission will next make a report to the Legislature, and will probably be authorized to go ahead with the erection of the building.

While many persons in Newport hoped and expected that the Sheffield property would be the site of the new building, it is a bitter disappointment to many that the old stables on Spring street are not included so that the whole section can be taken in. These old structures will be an eyesore and a menace standing directly in the rear of the handsome new Court House.

MRS. BESSIE M. BROWN

Mrs. Bessie M. Brown, of a number of years parish visitor of Trinity Church, died on Tuesday at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Peter Petersen, on Rush street. She had been in failing health for a long time, and her death was not unexpected.

Mrs. Brown was a daughter of the late Benjamin Holland, and was married many years ago to Edward G. Brown, who died in 1893. She had been connected with the work of Trinity parish and for twenty years had held the important office of parish visitor. She was deeply interested in the work of the church and its various societies, particularly the Girls' Friendly Society. She had had charge of the summer camps in Kingston for a number of years and was a hard worker for every activity. She will be greatly missed by the rector and members of the parish.

Mrs. Brown is survived by two daughters and also by three brothers.

GEORGE E. RICE

Mr. George E. Rice, whose record of nearly fifty years as sexton of the Unitarian Church was a notable one, died at his home on William street last week after a long illness. He was in his eighty-third year. Beginning his duties as sexton in 1874, before the present edifice was built, he had served with complete satisfaction as long as his health would permit, and during his last illness his duties had been carried on by his sons. He was a skilled musician and rang the chimcs at the church for many years.

Mr. Rice is survived by four sons and two daughters, and by a large number of grandchildren and great-grandchildren.

Miss Ida Carry has gone to Flushing, N. Y., where she will spend a couple of months with her sister, Mrs. Sanford T. Gladding.

MORE TAX SUITS

As an aftermath of the Aspegren suit against the City of Newport for remission of alleged excessive taxes paid under protest in 1922, three more suits of a similar nature have been instituted this week. They are brought by John Aspegren, Milton J. Budlong, and William Fahnestock, and all relate to the taxes for 1923 which were paid under protest.

In the original Aspegren case Judge Sumner, in the Superior Court, some time ago handed down a decision in favor of Mr. Aspegren. The case is not yet concluded, however, as the City has taken an appeal to the Supreme Court, and it may be some time yet before that Court passes upon the matter.

Of the two new petitioners, Mr. Budlong is the present owner of the former Davis estate, "The Reef," and Mr. Fahnestock is the owner of the former Stillman estate on Narragansett avenue. Both claim that the property is assessed for more than paid for it and more than its fair market value, and ask that the city be ordered to repay them the difference between the tax on a fair assessment and the sum that they paid to the tax collector on the basis of the city's valuation. A considerable sum of money is involved.

TWO FIRE ALARMS

Box 3, in the heart of the business section of Thames street, was pulled twice within two hours on Wednesday evening, causing a general uneasiness among property owners in that vicinity until it was learned that the fires were of comparatively small proportions. The first alarm came at a little after 8 o'clock, and was for a fire in the second floor of the building at Washington Square and Duke street, where McGowan's cafe was formerly located. Although the blaze did not break out into view of the large number of spectators, the firemen had a hard fight in a very dense smoke before the fire was finally extinguished. The flames had worked between the partitions and were very hard to get at.

The second box came in at about 10 o'clock and was for a chimney fire in the Colonial Theatre building, where soft coal had been burned during the winter. It took but a few minutes to extinguish the flames, but the recall was not sounded until the firemen had looked around and assured themselves that no damage had been done in that congested district.

FISHING SLOOP WRECKED

The fishing schooner Fredonia, equipped with a powerful auxiliary engine, was found completely wrecked on the rocks at the Marsden J. Perry estate last Saturday morning. No trace was found of her crew of two men, and it is possible that the mystery may never be solved. The sloop had sailed from Newport on the previous Thursday with her crew of two Greek fishermen, and nothing more was heard from her until men from the Coast Guard station found her upon the rocks. She was then a total wreck, but there was nothing to show whether she had been in collision or whether an explosion of gasoline may have been responsible for her condition. A few days later a boat was found further up the bay, which was identified as belonging to the sloop.

Many theories have been advanced to account for the wreck, among them being some thought of the run running activities that have been prevalent in these waters. Men from the Coast Guard station are still watching for further developments, but it is quite possible that the incident is closed.

Mr. Gaylord C. Cummin, the efficiency expert who is here to make a careful examination of the city's business methods, was the speaker before the weekly luncheon of the Lions Club on Thursday. While he carefully avoided any reference to his work in Newport, he gave a very interesting and highly amusing account of his early experiences as a civil engineer in surveying the route for the Northern Pacific Railroad in the Far West.

Mr. William H. Bevans, chief draughtsman at the Torpedo Station, has returned from Hackensack, N. J., where he has been recuperating from his recent operation. He is now in greatly improved health.

President Alexander J. MacIver is making arrangements for the annual entertainment in memory of Robert Burns on January 22d.

Mr. James S. Hazard, who has been quite seriously ill at his home on Mill street, is reported as considerably improved.

MIDDLETOWN

(From our regular correspondent)

Golden Wedding

Town Sergeant and Mrs. Thomas G. Ward observed their fiftieth wedding anniversary at an informal reception given them by their children, Mrs. William G. Brown of Slocum, R. I.; Mrs. Harry Sherman of Glen street and Mr. Alfred Ward of Newport. The observance was held on Monday evening at the Town Hall. About fifty friends were their guests. Music was furnished by Miss Isabelle Anderson, pianist, and Messrs. Sherman, a grandson, and Thomas Donnelly, violins. Some played cards at little tables at the sides of the room, while others danced. Still others just visited together and an enjoyable evening was spent. Ice cream, cake and coffee were served. Mr. and Mrs. Ward were united in marriage on December 31, 1873, by Rev. Mr. Ransom, at the Methodist Episcopal Church, and have resided in this town ever since. They received many beautiful gifts. Owing to the storm relatives from Block Island were unable to be present.

Miss Anne Almy has returned to New York, after spending the holidays with her mother, Mrs. Edward Almy.

Miss Emily Martin has resumed her duties in Providence after spending the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles D. Martin.

Mrs. James Anthony celebrated her birthday recently with a family party. The Oliphant Reading Club met on Friday afternoon with Mrs. Pascal Conley.

Mr. and Mrs. Prescott Molden were given a musicale at the home of Mr. and Mrs. William J. Stewart recently. They left on Sunday evening for New York.

Mrs. Ida V. Calvert has had as guest her sister, Mrs. Edward J. Corey of Tiverton.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Peckham and Miss Sadie Peckham have been spending a week with Mr. and Mrs. William L. Brown.

Mr. and Mrs. William S. Coggeshall have gone to Miami, Florida, for the winter.

Rev. and Mrs. James P. Conover have had as guests Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Coit of New York, Lieutenant Commander James P. Conover, Jr., U. S. N., and Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey Beasley of Pomfret, Conn.

Mr. William Chase, of Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute of Troy, N. Y., has been guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Chase.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward A. Brown have had as guests Mr. and Mrs. LeRoy Greason and son of Brookline.

Mr. and Mrs. James Wheeler are receiving congratulations upon the birth of a daughter, Margaret Virginia, at the Newport Hospital.

Mr. Benjamin W. H. Peckham, who was taken ill while visiting his daughter in Springfield, Mass., and who had been at the Newport Hospital since Nov. 27, died there. He had had both legs amputated in the hope of checking the disease, but it was unsuccessful.

Mr. Peckham was the second son of Felix and Sarah Hendrick Peckham and spent nearly his whole life at the foot of Honeyman Hill. He was born July 8, 1862 and was engaged in carpentering. He was educated at the public schools here and at the Rogers High School. When a young man he spent a year in Colorado, with his brother. For the past eleven years he has been superintendent of construction at Melville Naval Fuel Depot. He was a member of the Berkeley Church, Aquidneck Grange, and at one time a member of the Newport Artillery Company.

He married on October 15, 1883, Miss Annie Laurie Peckham, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Eliza Clark Peckham, who survives him, as do their eight children—Mrs. William Goodchild of Springfield, Mass.; Mrs. Thomas Wylie, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y.; B. W. H. Peckham, Jr., of this town; Mrs. Earl Barlow, of Arlington, Mass.; Gladys, Hope, Maxwell and Edeline, of this town. A brother, Mr. Henry P. Peckham, of Washington, also survives. The funeral was held on Sunday at his late home on Honeyman Hill, with Rev. James H. S. Fair officiating. The interment was in the family lot in the Middletown cemetery. There were many floral tributes.

There was a large attendance at the annual Christmas celebration of Kolah Grotto at Masonic Hall Tuesday afternoon. This affair is for the entertainment of the Kiddies particularly, although many of the Prophets and their ladies derive much enjoyment from them. This year, as last year, all the youngsters from the Children's Home were made special guests of the day, and it is safe to say that they enjoyed themselves as much as anybody. The Grotto Band, under the leadership of Ray Groff, furnished Gladding's pupils gave a very interesting program of moving pictures. Miss Gladding's pupils gave a very interesting program of novelty dances.

The Drill Corps of Washington Commandery will have its annual meeting and dinner in Mercury Hall on Saturday evening, January 12th. A roast young pig, presented by one of the members of the Corps, will be the piece de resistance at the dinner.

PORTSMOUTH

(From our regular correspondent)

Pomona Grange Election

The regular meeting of the New-Port County Pomona Grange was held recently at Fair Hall as guests of Portsmouth Grange. This was the closing meeting for the year and opened at four o'clock with Worthy Matron, Mrs. Florence Sutcliffe presiding.

Reports of officers were given, the Master giving an extended account of the session of the State Grange held in Providence recently. She stated that the Pomona Ladies' Degree Team was highly commended for the excellent work they did there in putting on the 4th degree in full form. Newport County has the honor of having the only Ladies' Degree Team in the state.

The Secretary's report states that there are 321 members, 138 men and 183 women. They were from the following granges:—Conanicut Grange, Jamestown, 26; Portsmouth Grange, 53; Aquidneck Grange, Middletown, 112; Nonquit, Tiverton, 24; Little Compton Grange, 40; Nanaquaket, Stone Bridge, Tiverton, 66. All granges report a prosperous condition. Mrs. George R. Chase, 2nd, chairman of the committee on Philanthropy, reported \$425 as turned in to the Salvation Army and acknowledged by them.

The Lecturer, Mrs. William M. Spooner, reported that Charles M. Gardner of Westfield, Mass., the High Priest of Demeter of the National Grange, will install the officers on January 22 for the ensuing term of two years.

The election of officers was held, which resulted as follows:—

Worthy Master—Mrs. Florence M. Sutcliffe, of Nanaquaket Grange; Tiverton, received a unanimous re-election.

Overseer—William T. H. Soule, Portsmouth Grange.

Lecturer—Mrs. Annie White, Nanaquaket Grange.

Steward—William Main, Portsmouth Grange.

Assistant Steward—Clayton Gifford, Aquidneck Grange.

Chaplain—Past Master Mrs. Helen Wilcox, Nonquit Grange.

Treasurer—William S. Slocum, Aquidneck Grange.

Secretary—Mrs. Geo. R. Chase, 2d, Portsmouth Grange.

Gate Keeper—Charles Durfee, Nanaquaket Grange.

Ceres—Mrs. William T. H. Soule, Portsmouth Grange.

Pomona—Mrs. Ferdinand Armbrust, Conanicut Grange.

Flora—Mrs. Barclay Gifford, Aquidneck Grange.

Lady Assistant Steward—Mrs. William T. Wood, of Nanaquaket Grange, received a unanimous re-election.

Mr. I. Lincoln Sherman was unanimously re-elected for a term of three years on the executive committee.

The meeting adjourned, and a supper consisting of cold meats, relishes, potato salad, rolls, coffee, and pies was served under the direction of Mr. and Mrs. William B. Anthony, assisted by Mr. and Mrs. Frank Langley, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Fish and Mrs. D. Frank Hall.

At the evening session a letter was read from the Sippecan Pomona, a branch of the Massachusetts Old Colony Pomona, asking if the two might unite at the July meeting. An invitation was extended to them, and it is planned to show the visitors the show places around here.

A letter of thanks was sent to Senator Arthur A. Sherman for his assistance in drilling the Ladies' Degree Team and also to Edwin Booth, Geo. Durfee and Alonzo Lawson for their assistance.

Portsmouth Grange was given a unanimous rising vote of thanks for its hospitality, after which plans for a State Grange field day were presented by Senator Howard R. Peckham.

The Christmas entertainment was abandoned owing to illness in the family of Worthy Master Clairmont Grinnell of Portsmouth Grange, and an impromptu program was given. It was voted to engage Mrs. D. Frank Hall to serve the installation supper.

Captain Walter S. Gray sustained a slight shock at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Elliott C. Sowle, on Wednesday.

The meeting of the St. Paul's Auxiliary to the Newport Chapter, American Red Cross Society, which was to have been held on Wednesday evening at the Portsmouth Library, was postponed.

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin B. Barker, Jr., have moved from the Dennis cottage, to the cottage next north of there, which they have recently purchased. Many improvements have been made there.

Mr. William Main has had as guests Mr. Forest Fry and Miss Emma Campbell of New York.

St. Paul's Guild gave a whist on Monday evening at Willow Brook at which the old year was watched out and the New Year was watched in. There were seventeen tables and prizes were given. Games were played and refreshments were served. At 12 o'clock dancing started. Mrs. Annie Hall furnishing music.

A Christmas party was given at Willow Brook at which 165 persons were present. The Girl Scouts gave a playlet, "The Christmas Fairies," Christmas carols were sung and refreshments were served.

District Deputy Grand Master Augustus F. Rose of Providence paid an official visit to St. Paul's Lodge, No. 14, F. & A. M., on Friday evening, being accompanied by a large suite.

JOSEPH GREER and His DAUGHTER by HENRY KITCHELL WEBSTER

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SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER I.—Joseph Greer, a black-bearded pirate of fifty, having discovered a process of extracting fiber from flax straw, is made director of a big corporation. For years distrustful men of affairs, Greer has played a lone hand. Now, however, he considers the winning card. He is willing to sublet his wits to wealth. To protect his own interests, Joe has tolled his own name upon the company. Henry Craven, a bank clerk related to John Williamson, the millionaire banker of Greer's new company, is installed as treasurer of the new company, with the general management and purpose of watching Greer. Joe cultivates his friendship.

CHAPTER II.—Joe tells Jennie that he has a wife in California, and that she is about to divorce him. In addition he discloses that he has a daughter, now thirteen years old, whom he has never seen but whom he is determined to have come and live with him and enter society by means of his money.

CHAPTER III.—To pave the way for his daughter's appearance in society, Joe goes out to a week-end party at Williamson's house where he meets Violet, John's wife, and is strongly drawn to her, while he finds his wealthy friends to be very friendly when at home.

CHAPTER IV.—Beatrice arrives and proves to be a handsome but spoiled creature. Very much like her father, Joe's attempts to have her reform social connections are not well received by his daughter, who displays vast ignorance of etiquette.

CHAPTER V.—In despair at his daughter's lack of polish Joe turns to Violet Williamson, his partner's wife, for aid. Violet is strongly attracted by Joe's originality. Presently they find themselves deeply involved in a flirtation which is halted by Greer when on the brink of destruction. Violet, feeling herself scorned, becomes infuriated at Joe and the latter's plans regarding Beatrice's social career appear wrecked.

CHAPTER VI.—Joe returns unexpectedly from a trip out of town to find Beatrice has been going to a fast pace. Going home unannounced, he catches his daughter drunk, having been rescued from a bench party, where she was drinking heavily, by his chauffeur, George. George, Greer's suspected chauffeur of taking too keen an interest in Beatrice and discharges him, and installs Jennie in his flat as chaperon for his daughter. Jennie tries to win the girl's affections by putting her on her honor and refusing to spy on her.

CHAPTER VII.—Jennie's methods with Beatrice fail. The latter meets George clandestinely and discusses marriage with him. Burns obtains a job as a mail-boy. Then Joe is run down by an automobile and laid up. He worries over some papers that were lost when he was senseless, but they are returned by a man and Beatrice finds out they comprise a detailed agency report of her meetings with the chauffeur. In spite of her father's dangerous wounds, she has a hot argument with him and packs up and goes to Cleveland.

Violet, who had struck him as restless and not very well, decided at the last minute to come home with him, leaving Margaret to carry out some commissions in Italy for Portia Novelli. Also, she surprised and alarmed him one evening on deck by beginning to talk about Joe. They had a sort of quarrel, she said, the nature of which John had altogether misunderstood. She didn't want Joe to think that she was responsible for John's misunderstanding, and she adumbrated an idea that Henry was the man to make this clear to him. The thought of it ruined Henry's sleep for the rest of the voyage. He came straight through to Chicago, leaving Violet to spend a day or two with Dorothy at Thornycroft, and reported at once to John.

"I'm glad you turned up today," John said. "I was afraid Violet might have persuaded you to wait and come on with her—and I wanted a talk with you as soon as I could get it. Greer's put one over on us, Henry. A smooth first-class job, right under our noses. He'll go into Saturday's meeting with an absolute voting control of the stock."

"I hope," Henry said blankly, "I hope it isn't due to something that I have overlooked."

"Lord, no," John assured him. "It isn't your fault. You voted with us on it. No; we saved ourselves off with the limb, while he stood by and told us he wished we wouldn't. Greer's got the stock we issued to that fake inventor."

"The only protection we've got for the present is that he doesn't know that we know he's got that stock—at least I don't believe he knows. That dundie inventor of his will be afraid to tell him. As long as Greer thinks we are unopposed, he may let things slide for a while. You'll treat him as if nothing had happened, of course. Keep your eyes open, and tell me if he lets anything slip. Have you seen him since you got home?"

"No," Henry said blankly. "I thought I would come straight to you first."

"Glad you did," said John, getting up by way of ending the audience. "But you had better go over and hook up with him as soon as you can. We are depending on you from now on, you know." This was gently, almost humorously, said, but it rattled Henry worse than ever.

"I don't think you ought to rely on me," he began, miserably.

But John, with a laugh and a thump on the back, cut him short. "Don't you worry about it," he said. "Did you have a good trip? How's Violet looking? She wired me from New York that she was feeling a whole lot better. She's coming home Friday. I believe."

Finally she did, for she telephoned Henry Friday night, apparent-

ly for the mere consoling purpose of saying "Hello," and of telling him she meant to fulfill tomorrow a promise she had made Margaret to look over his flat and see what condition it was in, after having stood housekeeperless so long.

The meeting went off with an appearance of unanimity and good-will which Henry found almost farcical in the light of the bitter antagonisms he knew were bristling about the board. Prosperity of course is a wonderful unguent, and Joe's report was so eloquent of the prospect of it that the development of any friction upon the surface of things would have been impossible. Nothing short of a volcanic eruption could have broken through—and this didn't happen.

Joe was able to report the organization of forty-two subsidiary companies, with a normal capacity of four thousand tons of straw each, which meant that nearly ten per cent of the entire straw crop of the flax-growing country would be processed next year under their patents. It wasn't possible, of course, to compute the profit in advance, but with market conditions as they were today, it would be very large indeed.

The formal routine of winding up the business of the meeting was clicked off under Jennie's practiced hand as rapidly as possible. As soon as the adjournment was taken, John with Gregory and Frank Crawford went away. There was no disposition on their part to linger for an informal discussion of affairs, or for the bottle of ancient Scotch which Joe offered to produce. They would be having a confab of their own, Henry supposed, and was glad they hadn't invited him to take part in it. There was momentarily a thoughtful look in Joe's eye as he watched their broad top-coated backs receding down the corridor.

He produced his bottle, Jennie, though invited, declined to join them over it. She wanted to get her minutes in shape, she said. Henry exclaimed in frank astonishment at the enormous size of the drink Joe poured for himself—an ordinary tumbler it was, and he had filled it more than two-thirds full. He got up as soon as Henry had done sipping his drink, saying, "If you're going home I'll drive you up."

It occurred to Henry that Violet had spoken of running in for a few minutes after lunch, but it was now well after four. Assuming that she'd carried out her intention at all, which was not any too likely, she'd almost certainly have gone by now. He'd have to chance it.

Oddly enough, after the first horrified moment when he saw the two coming face to face, he was enormously relieved that it had happened. Joe happened to be standing where Violet couldn't see him as she came down the corridor to the sitting-room, and she called gayly to Henry that she had him in her power now. She could blackmail him with Margaret to any tune she liked, after this look about the flat.

She flushed like a schoolgirl at the sight of Joe, threw him a rather cavalier nod of greeting, and then, seeming to change her mind about it, went deliberately up to him and held out her hand.

"I wonder if you ever got a message from me," she said, composedly enough but without trying to make the words sound completely casual. "I left one with your butler one day last winter when you were hurt. I hope you're quite all right again. I've known, the last two or three months, how miserable it is to be ill."

Joe remarked, without answering her question, that he'd heard she hadn't been well, but that, apparently, her trip had done her good.

"I don't know whether it was going away or coming back that did it," she said, so lightly and swiftly that Henry was not quite sure whether he'd heard her right or not. "She went straight on, with a good deal more emphasis, to mention tea. She thought she could manage to produce some if they'd like it."

Another odd thing happened then. Violet offered to go and make it, naturally enough, since she had been the one who had suggested having it; and Henry, equally of course, insisted on doing it himself. This was his house, and tea-making was his specialty. He took a hesitating step toward the door, saying, "But, of course, if you would rather make it, Violet."

She whipped around, and in so doing turned her back squarely on Joe, her face ablaze with an uncontrollable exasperation. Her voice had a perceptible edge on it, too, though luckily it was not as expressive as her face, as she said, "I've no passion for making tea, Henry, nor even for drinking it if it's any bother."

Joe held his breath over the way she flared up and swept her cousin out of the room, and he did not move, nor did she, until they heard the flop of the swing-door into the kitchen.

Then she turned and faced him, and he moved a step toward her—and stopped. Something the same look was in her face that he had seen just after he had kissed her, the look that had made him think of Beatrice; not a woman's look at all—a child's.

was troubled now, and desperately resolute. Her pose was not a woman's, either; it was a schoolgirl's. He saw her lips were trembling and felt a lump come into his throat.

"I must say it quickly," she began, and then for a matter of seconds stood silent. "It was true, what you said in the car that day. It was all true. That's why it made me so angry. I didn't know it till you said it. That's—that's one of the things I had to tell you. I didn't think I'd ever do it, but I haven't been sleeping very well. And none of the things I tried, to get it out of my head, were any good. So I thought if I told you—You see why, don't you? I mean, you understand it isn't—"

"Yes, I understand," he told her hastily. "This was quite untrue. In the revelation of feeling that had swept over him he was bewildered. The thing to do, he admonished himself, was to remember every word she said so that he could think out her incredible meaning afterward. They wouldn't have much more time now. Henry might be coming back any minute. "I wish you'd sit down," he said, and after she had obeyed him, in a sort of entranced docility, he added, "If there's anything you want me to do—"

"There isn't," she interrupted with a gasp; "not a thing. It's just—She broke off there and clasped her hands tight in her lap, between her knees. "There's something else I want you to know. I've never told John what really happened that day. But I didn't tell him—what you must have thought I did. I said it wasn't anything. I gave him my word it wasn't. I just wanted him to let me alone and not ask questions. But of course he thought—"

"Yes, of course," Joe assented at random. "That's all right."

"He was horribly angry," she persisted. "I don't know whether he is yet or not. He doesn't act that way any more, but perhaps that's just because he doesn't want me to—worry about it."

"Well, that's all right." A gleam of a smile broke through on the words. "You don't need to worry about me, anyhow. I'll look out for myself. I have been, all along, for that matter."

She nodded. "I couldn't bear to have you think, if anything did happen, that I was the one who—started it. I knew what you'd think of me. When you'd really been the one who—saved me. I didn't suppose men did chivalrous things like that. That's what it was. Because it wouldn't have meant anything—much to you."

"It's all right," he repeated. The poor phrase seemed to be all he could lay his tongue to. "After a moment's struggle, not with embarrassment, but with the more stiffness of his mind, he added, "There's nothing more for you to worry about. You can forget all about it."

At last he had something to say. "That was a surprising word you used—chivalrous. I don't believe it was ever looked on by me before. I've never heard what you could call a Galahad."

"I know," she broke in. There was a spark of animation in her tone now. She was no longer frozen. "I heard all about that before I ever knew you. I always thought you must be one of the—horrid people, that way. I had ever known. I suppose that's why—partly why—it got me when you acted the way you did in the car."

"I can't see," Joe said, "that there was anything much to that. It was a string we couldn't play out, and I said so. Maybe if I hadn't had a good deal of—experience, I wouldn't have seen that we couldn't play it out."

When she spoke again, at the end of a short silence, her manner had stiffened, so that once more it was as if she were trying to recite something. "I suppose I must have been one of the most ignorant people in the world. I didn't think I could tell you this. I don't believe it's a thing you'll be able to believe. But it's true, and it's the only real excuse I have. I thought I knew a lot, as much as most people, but I didn't. I knew—nothing at all. It was all new—that day. As if I'd never been married—or anything. You can't believe that—can you?"

"I knew it then," he said, not looking at her as he spoke. "That was what pulled me up, gave me time to think." He added a moment later, "It wasn't what we wanted—either of us."

He had a strange sensation that this last remark of his went falling, falling, for a long time, like a dislodged rock, down a bottomless canyon, bounding from wall to wall, sending up fainter and more distant echoes, until at last an abysmal silence swallowed it.

After a while she said, "You wanted to be friends with me then. I suppose it's too late for that to be any good to you now." There was no color of sentimental penitence in her tone, but she seemed to feel the need of clearing her meaning of this possible interpretation, and added, "I mean, now that your daughter has married and gone away."

"It's too late in a way," he said thoughtfully, ignoring her reference to Beatrice. "I had a fool idea for a while last summer of settling down, maybe buying a place up at Lake Forest, turning into one of the stalled crowd myself, when some of the pile were going to make out of this linen process came in. I've got over that, all right."

"I'm glad you have. You aren't like us. Of course," she added, "we aren't all like ourselves. Not all the time. But you still want to be rich? What will you do with it, if you don't settle down?"

"No trouble about that," he told her, with a laugh. "The more I have, the bigger a life I can swing. But I've got to hatch some chickens before I can begin counting 'em. They're already counted, for that matter. Forty-two little flax-mills, spotted all over the Northwest. I've got to see to it that they're all built and equipped

right and ready for business between now and August. Good fun, that'll be—getting out of a white-collar job for a while."

It was then that Henry Craven came in with the tea.

Joe did not see her again, save for a formal dinner to which she surprisingly had her secretary telephone



The Invitation Was Telephoned by Her Secretary.

and invite him just before he went North, until he came home for a few days early in June. He telephoned to her Lake Forest house from the station the moment he left the train.

She asked him out directly for over the week-end, and laughed at his hesitation about accepting. "It's John you've come to see, isn't it—and Greer? Well, they'll be here."

They managed to be together a good deal during the next two days. It was not, however, a satisfactory visit for Joe. Violet's tactics worried him. They were no longer audacious. She never openly carried him off as she had done at the traps that Sunday morning, the first time she had ever seen him. She never sought, nor for long allowed, any secure solitude for them. Yet in the fringes of the crowd or at table, with no more privacy than derived from the fact that both their neighbors were turned away from them, she would talk to him in a way that brought his heart into his throat. He had always supposed he had a talent for keeping his face, but these talks with her kept him in perpetual terror of a betrayal.

He hated, too, being under John Williamson's roof. The husband's incredible complacency irritated him. He seemed impervious to the warnings of jealousy. It wasn't possible to assume that he had ceased to care for her. His steady-going, considerate affection for her was obvious. What sort of terms were they on, anyhow? How had she explained, and he accepted, her change of attitude toward himself?

Violet was not informative on these points, even when he resorted at last to direct questions. She earnestly protested herself fond of John—impudently. He was an absolute dear in a lot of ways.

She looked at Joe thoughtfully. "You know," she said, "in a business way, it's you I worry about, not him."

"Well, you needn't," he told her, shortly. "He might have got me if I hadn't played a bunch earlier in the game. But I did. I've got my share in the Greer company nailed down, where he can never get it away from me."

"In the long run," she persisted, "he'll get the better of you. I believe he's already sure of it. That's just a—hunch, as you say. He doesn't talk to me about it any more."

He took this soberly, apparently to her surprise. Evidently she had expected him to laugh at her.

"Joe, has anything begun to go wrong now? Anything you can see, here or up North?" she asked in concern.

"No, I guess not," he said, absently.

"Why?" "You seem different, somehow," she said. "Oh, I know it's hot, and you've been working horribly hard, but you always seemed like a person who couldn't be tired. And now—You don't look quite natural, either."

"I'm not sleeping much," he confessed. "Haven't since I got that crack on the head last winter."

(Indeed, the amount of whisky it now took to insure him even the beginning of a night's sleep was so great as to have begun whispering an impatient unheeded warning.)

"Of course," he added, on a new note, "this thing of ours doesn't make it any easier."

They were really alone for once. It was Sunday night. A big purple storm-cloud, driving up from the southwest, had, with a flash or two of lightning and a sudden pattering of rain-drops, driven the rest within doors. He and Violet had lingered outside to show the good faith of their combined prediction that the thing would blow around, as it now showed signs of meaning to do.

"Violet," his voice dealt with the words roughly, "what do you do? How do you manage?"

"My life, you mean?" she asked. "I play bridge."

"I mean about your husband," she told him, after a silence, "but that's all. There's nothing new about that. It's been that way, practically, for a long time."

"You said that day at Henry's that it wouldn't have meant much to me—that I hadn't done the other time. It would have, but I didn't know it—then. This is as new a thing to me as it is to you. It's changed everything. That means it's got to come out somewhere. You've trusted us, and you can go on trusting me, but we can't stop here—and we aren't going into the ditch."

"I don't know where we are going," she said, hopelessly. "There's no place we can go."

The words ended in a sob, and in an instant she was in his arms. He

kissed her, too—not as he had done on the earlier occasion, but gently, reverently almost.

"I'll wait," he said. "I think you're the greatest thing in the world; and when the time comes, and you're ready, you'll do the thing that's there in front of you to do. I'll wait till then."

She rose then, and they walked slowly toward the house. But before they got within the luminous zone from the lighted windows, she stopped, and kissed him fugitively once more. She uttered a little laugh as they moved on again.

"We're acting like a pair of children," she said.

It is true one would hardly have expected just this white flame of romance from these ingredients.

Joe went back to Chicago early the next morning, and left for the North before the end of the week. He didn't see Violet again until October.

Henry Craven went up to the Williamson's for the week-end over the first of August, and had a very jolly time until John caught him in the gun-room. He noted John's reluctance to come to the point of it. Finally he said, "I think you had better endorse your shares in the Greer company, and bring them around to me. Then if I decide to dispose of mine, I can sell yours, too."

"Sell 'em?" Henry echoed, astounded. "Oh, it's like every other business."

John went on, evenly. "It's a question of getting in and getting out at the right time—and usually the time for getting out is too short. I'd hate to have to go ashore and leave you behind. You know all about that trick Greer played to get control. Well, whenever I find myself in one of these industrialists that I don't control, I always wear a life-belt, that's all. And I think you had better put yours on, too. It's just as you like, of course."

"Of course I'll bring you the shares," Henry said. "They're really yours, anyhow. I've never paid for them." But he knew he wasn't disguising his profound unhappiness over John's suggestion. He got up, literally a trifle giddy, and moved toward the door. "All right," he added, "I'll bring all my shares to you in the morning."

"There's one important thing," John said, the words checking Henry's hand upon the latch. "This has got to be kept absolutely quiet. If Greer or Miss MacArthur should catch on to what's in the wind, there would be the devil to pay. Better not speak of it to anybody—not even to Margaret or Violet." Henry nodded, and went out.

Jennie's principal concern that summer was the problem of marketing the raw flax which they were under contract to buy as it was delivered during the fall and winter by the subsidiary companies. There was going to be a lot of it—over thirty million pounds—and the only comfortable way to handle it would be by securing in advance contracts with jobbers or spinners, under which they could keep it turning over as fast as it came in.

She and Henry had, as well as they could, attended to the preliminaries of this undertaking. They had surveyed the whole textile field more or less. They had made promising follow-up campaigns in all quarters where it seemed likely that an interest in their product could be aroused. The textile world had shown no lack of interest in the Greer process. Engineers came out to visit the laboratory, mills took their samples, letters came in from everywhere.

The only disquieting phenomenon about all this activity was that it never got beyond the preliminary stage. By the middle of September Jennie was frankly alarmed about it. And in Henry this alarm was amplified manifold.

It troubled them both, too, that they couldn't appraise Joe to the seriousness of the situation.

After fruitlessly urging Henry to run up and see Joe at the mills and talk to him about the seriousness of the situation, Jennie finally agreed to make the trip herself. On her return she refused to talk to Henry at the office and they went out to dinner together. When the waiter had disappeared she came right to the point.

"Henry, Joe's drinking too much," Jennie said, bluntly. Henry made a grimace at that. The picture her words formed in his mind was of nightly bacchanal carousals.

"How did you find out about it?" he asked after a moment of unhappy meditation. "Did they talk to you about it?"

"They don't know," she said. "Nobody knows. He doesn't get drunk, Henry. You wouldn't know, unless you'd always known him, that there was anything wrong. He just drinks. He's ashamed about it. But he needs it. After he's been around with you a while, he makes an excuse for going away by himself to get it, because he can't stand it any longer without it."

It just happened that I found it out, and when I did it made me—sick. No, I didn't say anything to him about it. What would be the use? It's been going on a long while, I guess. Since before he went North this spring."

Henry remembered the drink he'd seen Joe take after the April meeting. "Something ought to be done about it," he said. "It's—ghostly. It's really as bad as it seemed to you."

"It is," she asserted. "I am not mistaken about that. But he's the only person who can do anything about it. When he gets around to it, I suppose he will. When he's got over the thing that drives him to it. It is ghostly, of course, but I don't believe anything like that will ever get Joe permanently."

These revelations were so appalling to Henry that he quite forgot what Jennie's original errand to the North had been, along with the apprehensions which had caused her to undertake it. Not so, Jennie, however. She came back to flax.

"They aren't as happy up there as they were when Joe was organizing those subsidiaries," she told Henry. "They're furious over the way wheat's gone down. They think it's all the doings of the speculators. They're

worried over tight money and the way the banks are shutting down on new credits. They think that's part of a conspiracy, too. You see, practically all those little flax companies borrowed the money that they bought the straw with. It was easy enough to get then. But now the local banks are wanting those notes paid up, and that means that the subsidiaries won't be able to give us any time at all. We're all right for a while, of course, but this is going to run into millions, Henry. And the stuff we're going to buy, until we've established a market for it, isn't anything the banks will take for collateral, either."

A prediction of John Williamson's, stabbed through Henry's memory like a neutralizer. "Sooner or later, this man Greer will bite off more than he can chew." And he already done it? Henry wondered. And then, Jennie startled him by mentioning John, herself. She had suggested that Henry go and talk to him.

Henry didn't much want to do this. He'd been avoiding John of late, on instinct, rather than from any formulable reason, but this wasn't a fact he cared to confess to Jennie, so he said he would go. He telephoned him that same afternoon, and John invited him to lunch at the Union League the next day—to Henry's relief at getting out of a visit to John's office.

Henry talked with John about it, who proved, in the upshot, rather reassuring than otherwise. He seemed to think it natural enough that their progress had been slow with the big jobbers and that nothing much would be gained by trying to hurry them. If Greer was coming back in a fortnight or so he could run down to New York and very likely close up everything in a week. "Those things usually happened all at once."

They talked through the meal in this comfortable vein, and then when they began to smoke John leaned back in his chair and asked Henry where he'd been all this while. "You'll have to come around pretty soon if you're going to see Dorothy before she goes away. She's going abroad for the winter, to a school in Florence. Violet's got it figured out that she's too young to come out yet, and says she doesn't want her hanging around all the year at a loose end. It sounds reasonable enough when she talks about it, but hang it, I was hoping for a chance to get acquainted with the child myself. After she starts going out to dinners and dances on her own every night, I won't have a look-in. October first she goes."

Henry inquired if Violet were going over with her.

"No," John said. "Some girl's mother is to take the pair of them. I don't know what Violet's planning to



"Sooner or Later Greer Will Bite Off More Than He Can Chew," John Had Predicted.

do. She's been so busy lately getting Dodo packed off, that I don't believe she's had time to think."

Between Dorothy's snailing-date and Joe's for his return to Chicago there was a direct relation. Back in August he had received this letter from Violet:

I asked Henry the other day when you were coming back and he said he thought within two or three weeks. At first I was glad, for it seems a long time since that Fourth of July weekend, but I've come to think I don't want to see you again with Dorothy about. She looks at me, Joe—Margaret looks at me, too, as if she'd like to slay me, and I don't mind a bit. She's never forgiven me and I suppose never will. Dorothy is as dear as she can be, fond of me, and admires me and all that, but sometimes she makes me feel a fool. I couldn't stand it."

We've decided she's to go to school for one more year—she is too young to come out—in Italy, and she sails about the first of October; a little late that is, but I can't get her ready any sooner. The Hallams, New York people, are putting their girl in the same school and she'll go over with them. I suppose I shall go to New York and see her off, and then I'll come home, and there won't be anybody. I know if you came to Chicago before that, we'd be seeing each other—and I'd hate it. So I'm hoping you will come—then. I wonder if that seems idiotic to you."

It did not seem idiotic to Joe. It seemed sensitive, high-minded, thoroughbred. It added a glamorous brush-stroke or two to the romantic portrait of Violet his fancy had been so industriously painting. Also it fed his hopes. He read into its broken sentences admissions which fell but little short of promises.

Within a week of Jennie's return to Chicago, Joe conceived an attractive project. He'd go straight to New York from here, by way of the "Soo," and chase his contracts for the year's output of raw linen before he came back October first. It would be fun to see their faces, Jennie's and Henry's, long and solemn enough when he came in, change when he tossed down those papers on his desk before their eyes. That would show them whether he was the old Joe or not!

The other not quite acknowledged half of the picture was an accidental meeting with Violet after Dorothy's boat had sailed. She had let him know what boat it was. It would be easy enough to manage since he knew the

JOSEPH GREER

Continued from Page 2

note the Williamson's were addicted to in New York; they'd both talked about it. He wouldn't go near her; indeed he'd take pains to avoid a chance meeting, until the child was out of the way, but the possibilities offered by the subsequent handful of hours were breath-taking—especially if by that time he had his signed contracts in his pocket.

He felt no serious doubt of his success in this. But from the start, on Monday morning, he met unforeseen difficulties. He found plenty of people who were glad to talk with him, but these were the hirelings, experts, and such. The big people, to a bad degree, were inaccessible. They were like Williamson, only worse. Before the week was over he was wishing he had John there as an ally.

He spent Saturday morning alone in his room. His week's campaign had ended perforce on Friday, when everybody who could be any good to him disappeared, from the haunts of trade at any rate, for the week-end. It had got him nowhere. But—hadn't it? No nearer his goal, certainly. Yet he could not quite ignore an impression he had caught from the last man he had talked to. This man, pleasant enough and not too obviously in a hurry to be rid of him, had once or twice, at some assertion of Joe's, permitted himself to smile faintly and a little impatiently, as if he knew there was nothing to be dreaded from his competitors. Was this blind, non-committal attitude he had been meeting everywhere a thing agreed upon? It was not a pleasant sort of lunch to get.

His expectation of meeting Violet was doomed to be unfulfilled. Instead he ran into her husband at the little hotel the Williamson's made it a habit to stop at and John told him that they had changed their plans at the last minute and he had come down to see Dorothy off, leaving Violet at home at Lake Forest.

They took dinner together and John asked him what luck he was having in marketing his raw flax. He said Henry had told him that he and Miss MacArthur were both worrying a lot about that phase of the business.

"That's what I'm down here on," said Joe, "but the trouble with me is that I don't know my way about. I've been getting an idea the last day or two that these different people I've been talking to are in cahoots."

John stared at him. "Great Scott, man!" he said. "Of course they are. Most of the industries that are administered from New York are pretty well tied together inside themselves. But the textiles?"

"Well, I don't know anything about that," Joe grumbled. "That's out of my beat, I guess. It looked like a perfectly straight merchandise proposition to me. I had something good that they wanted. But this inside stuff—Look here, Williamson, I don't see why this shouldn't be put up to you. Why don't you stay on for two or three days—and earn your dividends?"

He managed to throw in a smile with this, but it didn't take off much of the edge of his words. "You can play this passyfoot game. You know all the inside stuff."

"I'm afraid I can't take it on," John said. "I've got to be home Monday morning for an important meeting."

The lightness combined with the finality of his tone stung Joe to a flare of temper. "Look here, Williamson," he said, leaning suddenly forward, half across the table, "this is serious. We've got thirty million pounds of that stuff coming in that we've got to buy at an agreed price. It's beginning to come in now. We've got to sell it or we're swamped."

John moved his chair a few inches back from the table and leaned back in it. "Do you mean to say," he asked, quietly, "that you've committed yourself as deep as that without having made any arrangement whatever in advance for turning the stuff over or for carrying it? You're in a very serious position if that's the case."

"You've known that that was the case from the beginning," Joe said. He was as quiet now as John, and very alert. "You made no criticism of that plan at the April meeting."

"I certainly assumed that your program involved taking care of your commitments," John assured him, steadily. After a moment he went on. "Times have changed a lot since April. That was the end of a boom. This thing that's on us now is the beginning of a panic, I think. That's the general expectation here in New York, anyhow. I very much doubt if you can sell that flax here before the first of the year—and not then unless times change for the better."

"Well, if you are right about that," Joe said, after a thoughtful silence, "why, it takes us over into your department."

"My department?"

"I mean we'll have to be carried. Up to now I've carried my end of the load. I've made thirty million pounds of raw flax out of stuff that farmers were burning in the fields. There it is. It's good, useful stuff. It's got value. There's no argument about that. And now I say it's your turn. That's plain enough, isn't it? We're all in the same boat."

"If that's your position," John answered mildly, "of course we'll have to take some action on it. It's much too important a matter for me to deal with offhand. Come up to my office—pay Wednesday afternoon—oh, about four o'clock—and we'll have something to the way of a program to offer. I've got to run along. I'm taking the Century this afternoon. You aren't tak-

ing that train, are you?"

Joe shook his head. "Waiting over till Monday, I think," he said. "All right. Wednesday afternoon at four, then."

Joe went back to his hotel, a modest little one in the upper twenties, withdrew to his own room, where already he had passed the morning, drank the whisky he needed, telegraphed his address to Jennie MacArthur, and said she could look for him Tuesday, and then spent most of the afternoon writing a letter to Violet.

It was the only balmy he could apply to the burning pain of his disappointment. The letter began stiffly—it was the first love-letter he had ever written to Violet, or to any woman for that matter—but after the first few sentences he ceased to be conscious of it as a thing that must go through the post office in an envelope, to be read at Lake Forest on Monday morning along with the rest of Violet's mail. It became a simple, unmediated release of a rolled spring of emotions which had been wound up by waiting past the breaking point. He reproached her with having spoiled his plan by not coming to New York, and then reproached himself with having, perhaps, spoiled hers by not having come to Chicago. He told her crudely how he wanted her and how unhearsably too hard the waiting had become. He didn't want her by cruelties and lulls, John Williamson's leavings. He might come to Chicago early in the week, or he might not, but in no case would he come to her until she sent for him. She must know her mind by now—

There were sheets and sheets of this.

The utter recklessness of dispatching a missive of this sort to a woman who was living upon any sort of terms with her husband was apparent enough to him, but it suited his mood. He gathered the scrawled and blotted sheets into an envelope, addressed and stamped it, took it out, and dropped it down the chute by the elevator. Then he came back into his room, lay down on the bed, dressed as he was, and almost at once fell deeply asleep.

He was awakened several hours later by a pounding on his door, and when he opened it and angrily demanded what the devil the row was about, he was told by an obviously relieved bellboy that Chicago was trying to get him on the telephone. They had rung his bell several times without rousing him. He was still in a half-stupor condition when he went to the telephone. He made out that it was Jennie MacArthur who was calling him. She was talking about some stock. Had he been selling any?

"Stock in what?" he asked.

"Stock in the Greer company, Joe," she told him. "Have you been selling any of yours?"

He told her she must be crazy to ask him a thing like that. Of course he hadn't. What had put such an idea into her head?

"Well, there's a lot of it for sale," she told him. "Up in Fargo and other places. There's a lot of it sold already, I guess. It's the other crowd that's selling it, then."

He asked her angrily what other crowd she meant.

"I'll write you all I know about it tonight," she told him, in a rather odd-sounding voice. "I'll send it special delivery so you'll get it the first thing Monday morning." He told her this would be all right, he guessed, and at that she hung up. He undressed and went back to bed.

His memory of this incident when he awakened Sunday morning was, oddly enough, perfectly clear. And of course now that his mind was working again, the inference from what she had told him was clear, too. For a long time he lay contemplating it—it and other matters, too, in a sort of crystalline detachment.

Williamson and Corbett and Crawford had sold out—stead from under. They had sold their stock right up there in the flax country, too. Under his own nose. But why had they done it? They were playing him for a fool. Well, he was one. He had been quite unaccountably a fool—for months, blindly unaware of what was going on about him. Williamson had started back to Chicago under the satisfied conviction that he had been a fool.

He didn't waste much time trying to forecast the terms of the offer they would have ready for him Wednesday afternoon. The broad outline of the situation was plain enough. In default of selling his flax, he would have to borrow the money to pay for it, and as the price of finding the money for him they would exact their pound of flesh; namely, his share in the enterprise and his energy made real. What particular form of hocus-pocus under the polite name of reorganization they resorted to didn't matter.

Well, he was broad awake now. Certainly he would need all his wits to meet this next week. No good wasting time going to Chicago to listen to the terms of the bargain they'd propose to him. He'd tell Jennie to go to the meeting.

He wanted a drink. That was the first thing. He went over to the bag. There stood the bottle, but it was empty. Queer! It had been practically full when he had opened it on coming in from his lunch with Williamson, and he hadn't been out of the room except to walk down the corridor to mail that letter to Violet.

The contents of that letter, forgotten until now, began coming back into his mind as he stood staring at the disordered desk and the empty whisky-bottle.

He had been drunk when he wrote that letter. No getting away from that. He had been drunk, too, when Jennie telephoned, and she had known it. That letter to Violet! What could he do about it? It was too late to risk the comparative publicity of a telegram. Williamson himself would be home before it arrived. Then the fat would be in the fire—He needed a drink. He would be able to think after he had had a drink.



He Had Been Drunk When Jennie Telephoned.

He was on the way to the bell to summon the boy who provided him with liquor when he stopped short, turned back, and lay down again upon the bed. He was clammy with sweat. His whole body was crying out for the drink he wanted. But the thing that frightened him was the realization, brought home at last, that this was what had been the matter with him for months. In a way, he had known it all along. His shame over the habit gave him away; his careful concealment from his associates of the amount of whisky it took to see him through the day.

He got up and took the empty bottle and the glass into the bathroom, washed them out thoroughly, and then washed his hands. The only way to quit was to quit.

There had been nothing in Joe's experience that was comparable with the tortures of the ensuing week.

He was starving, for food was something he could hardly bring himself to touch; he was consumed by what seemed like thirst, except that no drink he would take could satisfy it; he was dragged down by a heavy lassitude; his nervous irritability was that of a man exasperated; he was utterly and terribly alone. Worst of all was the obsession that one drink, even a small drink, of whisky would make him instantly himself again. He asserted to himself that this was a lie; that at the worst he was a better man than the muzzy-witted fool he had been for the past six months; but this was an assertion that he had constantly to make anew.

The only thing that supported him was the other fight he was engaged in, the fight to keep himself and the enterprise which he had made a part of himself out of the waiting clutches of John Williamson and his friends.

Jennie's letter when it came on Monday morning made it clear that they must have been waiting and ready for a good while. There was no doubt in Jennie's mind, nor in Joe's, that the other crowd were completely unloaded.

Joe got her at once on the telephone and told her that he was going to keep on trying to market the flax in New York. He was going after a new lot of people. Jennie should go to the meeting and receive their terms, and transmit them to him. Also she was to avoid saying anything about his plans or present whereabouts. He ended the conversation by telling her that she wasn't to feel discouraged. He believed he was going to win out yet.

He had begun, as he told Jennie he meant to do, with a new crowd, none of them as big as the men in the inner ring; but on Friday, when he had talked to a dozen of them together at a prearranged lunch, this reawakened sensitiveness of his told him the tide had turned against him. He tried to shout this fastidiously down, but he knew he was beaten.

He went back to the hotel, and there found Jennie's letter containing in full the terms offered by Williamson, Corbett and Crawford. The mental effort involved in reading the letter was an agony in itself. In the broad outline, however, it was simple enough. The first move had been on Monday morning, when the three of them formally tendered their resignations as directors in the Greer company, the reason being offered in each case that they were no longer stockholders in the company. They now proposed to organize a new corporation which would enter into a five-year contract with the Greer company to buy the entire output of raw flax which the Greer company was committed to buy from the subsidiaries, at the price which the Greer company had paid the subsidiaries plus a broker's commission of one-eighth of one per cent. The Greer company was given thirty days in which to accept this offer.

Joe grinned savagely over the neatness of the thing. He was to be left undisturbed in control of the Greer company. The Greer company was to be saved from bankruptcy, allowed to collect its meager royalties, if it could, and a broker's commission of one-eighth of one per cent upon its sales. The subsidiaries, too, would be paid the letter of their bond. They'd get their manufacturer's profit—twenty per cent over the cost of material and labor for processing the flax. In a word, they and the Greer company were to be left holding the bag. All the real profits would go to the new corporation.

And yet there was nothing, so far as Joe could see, illegal or even unethical about the proposal. Well, they hadn't got him yet. He still had thirty days in which to keep on trying to find either a more favorable market for the flax, or credit that would enable him to carry it. When he went to the desk in his hotel to get his key they handed him a telegram. He supposed it was from Jennie. He had hardly the heart to open it. But the woman's name which was signed to

Children Cry for Fletcher's

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over thirty years, has borne the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* on the wrapper all these years just to protect the coming generations. Do not be deceived. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

Never attempt to relieve your baby with a remedy that you would use for yourself.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhoea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Comfort—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher

In Use For Over 30 Years

The Kind You Have Always Bought

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

It was not Jennie's. It read:

Arriving Pennsylvania station tomorrow morning nine forty-five for few hours only—Violet.

He was still incredulous when he saw her walking toward him, down the platform. Frightened and thrilled at the same time with a sense of great adventure, as he could see she was, she had once more the look of a schoolgirl to him. Not merely that; she looked to his enraptured, sleepless eyes like a probationary angel come down to chance the whole face of the world.

Her face brightened joyously when she saw him, then in an instant composed itself into the look of unobtrusively indifferent recognition appropriate to being met in the station by a man whom her husband might have requested to look after his wife.

He took her dressing-case from the red cap, tipped the boy, and said to her, "You're just about got time to make the other train. We'll go around this way."

With a demure gleam of mischief which made him want to kiss her where she stood, she accepted this; contentedly, as a maneuver for getting away at once, out of the Chicago crowd that was pouring along the platform.

"I don't care where we go," she said, when they had changed levels and were walking down a transverse corridor, "only I must be back here in the station at six o'clock. That's when I am supposed to be getting in from Chicago."

"That'll be all right," he assured her. "I'll get you back here on time. You can leave it all to me." For an instant the sense of the futility of their escapade elated him. He gave a short laugh, slid his arm inside hers, and pressed it against his body. She returned the pressure, but at once, with a nervous glance around, released herself. "If we're going where we can really be alone for a while," she said, "there's no good taking chances here."

She hesitated a moment in clear surprise when she found him showing a pair of tickets and taking her through the gate to one of the Long Island railway-trains, but she asked no explanation, and he made none until they were seated in an almost empty coach.

"This is a 'life branch' line," he said. "It goes down to one of the beaches where there's nobody about, this time of year. I found it when I was wandering around, just a week ago today. Had it all to myself, including a little hotel that a fat man is keeping open because he hasn't anywhere else to go. We can get lunch there, I guess. It was only last Sunday I was there," he added, "but it seems like the longest year I've ever lived."

She had stripped off one of her gloves and nestled her bare hand into his, upon the seat between them. At this confession, though she misunderstood it, she darted a glance around, and perceiving that there was no one else in their part of the car—not even a brakeman—she raised his hand and stroked the back of it with her lips. "Poor old Joe!" she whispered.

He had a blissful hour before they left the train at the little way-station he had picked out, despite the rattle of the windows, the slamming of the doors, the sudden stops and starts, and the bawling of the brakeman, which kept beating a dreadful tattoo upon his drawn nerves.

She was looking around pretty dubiously, he saw, at the surroundings they descended into from the train. "Where are we going?" she asked. "We've got to find some shade somewhere."

"I don't believe there's any on the beach," he said. "There's a veranda on the hotel over there, though," he added.

She cast another dubious glance at the shabby little gable-roofed building his gesture had pointed out, and for a moment stood still, visibly cast-

ing about for an alternative. Just before they reached the inn she stopped and faced him. "Joe," she asked, "why did you bring me here? The place looks so perfectly disreputable."

"I don't think it's that," Joe said, "but it does look as if it were closed. There used to be some chairs and things standing around on this veranda." He tried the door and found it locked, but after rattling and knocking upon it for a while, they heard heavy steps within, and presently the fat proprietor came and opened it. He was in his shirt, but the garment was clean and he was freshly shaven.

The interior made a strong contrast with the outside look of the place. It was unpretentiously but agreeably furnished, and it was immaculately neat. There was a white fireplace flanked with settees, where the fat man said



He Leaned Against the Rail, Devouring Her With Burning Eyes.

they could have a fire whenever they wanted it. He'd have lunch ready about one, if that would suit them. He took a childish pleasure in Violet's approval of the place, which she warily expressed.

Willingly, he set about to refurbish the veranda, carrying out, with Joe's help, a small rufian davenport, two or three chairs, cushions and striped cotton blankets, gay-colored.

"It's perfect, Joe," Violet said. "I suppose he thinks we're a couple of honeymooners."

Joe leaned against the rail, devouring her with burning eyes. She had tucked herself up in a corner of the davenport, taken off her hat, and

dropped it, negligently, on the floor beside her.

"You look the part," he said.

"You don't," she retorted, returning his gaze. "You look horribly tired—and ill. Oh, don't sit away off there. Come here where I can feel you. Wait, though. It's horrid to have to do it, but look up the train first, Joe. See how long we're going to have. I've absolutely got to be back in the Pennsylvania station a little before six."

He consulted a time-card that he had in his pocket. "That means leaving at four-fifteen, to be sure of it."

Her eyes filled up with tears. "And it's nearly noon now," she cried. "Four hours—and I thought it was a whole day."

"Well, never mind. We won't waste any of it."

He had dropped down on the sofa beside her, but she wasn't content with the way he sat. "You're so tired," she protested. "So dreadfully tired. Can't you just be happy, and relax for a little while. Lean down on me, like this. No, you're not too heavy—not half as heavy as I thought you'd be—Joe, is it all my fault you're like this?"

"It's not your fault at all," he told her. "I've been at your doing either. I've had a hard time for two weeks—and there are more of them in sight. But I'm through the worst of it. I

Special Bargains

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Comprising the best goods and styles to be found in London or domestic factories at a per cent. less than our regular prices. This we do in order to make room for our Spring and Summer styles, which we will receive about Feb. 15. We guarantee big make-up of our goods to be the best and to give general satisfaction.

J. K. McLENNAN

184 Thames Street

NEWPORT, R. I.

guess, I'll come out right side up in the end, anyhow. It isn't the first fight I've had, by a good many."

She said dryly, "I'd like to see John get the better of for once. Don't you let him beat you, Joe. I'd always think it was my fault."

"John Williamson?" he asked, slowly. "Don't worry about him. He hasn't got me yet."

She wanted to know, over a little laugh, what John he thought she meant. "I believe you're going to sleep," she smiled. "You're so tired. Don't try to talk. Keep still, like this. Isn't it ridiculous? I'm the one that's supposed to be sick. I'm packed off to Doctor Brown. He's got a place out here on Long Island for nervous wrecks, where he treats good-for-nothing women like me. A mixture of Freud and Christian Science he gives us. It works pretty well, too. I've been to him once or twice for insomnia—Well, I had it all right after I got that letter of yours, Joe."

Despite her effort to hold him where he was, he sat erect. "You must have hated me for that," he said.

"Stilly; I adored you for it—but it frightened me out of my five wits. It was wild to take a chance like that, Joe. But I'm glad you did it once. I never knew what it was before. I felt as if I had to go to you, then, without waiting a minute. And of course it got worse during the week, as I found out what John and the others were doing to you. I was afraid if John tried to talk to me about it I'd blow up and give everything away; so I didn't dare talk to him at all. Locked myself up, and had a nervous breakdown. It seemed pretty real at the time—even to me. But I was all right again as soon as he suggested Doctor Brown. I had to be, or he would have insisted on sending somebody down with me. He suggested Margaret Craven, as it was. I promised to stay with Alice Wentworth instead of going to a hotel, and I told him I'd telegraph her what train to meet me at. I did—but it wasn't the one I was on. And that's how I got our day—It isn't much, is it, for all that? Four hours—and already they're slipping away."

"They're enough, though, if we don't waste them—No, you've got me about half hypnotized now. I haven't any grip on my mind when you hold me like that. We've got to talk this thing through somehow; find out where we are, and what we're going to do."

She drew a long sigh. "What's the use of spolling this, Joe? That's all we should do, trying to talk. I'll be time enough on the train, when we go back, won't it? After all, there can't be very much to say. It's so heavenly still here. Put your head down, where you can see the clouds that make those big purple shadows—Do you know what I wish? I wish Mount Vesuvius was right behind us, here; and after we'd been here a long time—as long as we wanted—it would all at once smother us with ashes, the way it did those Pompeian people."

He had yielded to her arms again. "If that's what we wanted," he said, "we shouldn't have to depend on Mount Vesuvius. It can be managed more handsily than that. But it'll be a long while before I'm ready to die, even like this. There's too much left to be lived through. I'd like to sail into the Bay of Naples with you, for one thing, and have a look at that old volcano—On you remember something you said the first time we talked together, about wishing you could be there with me when I had my first look at all that? It's going to work out, some time, you know. I've known it, in a way, ever since you said it—We could do it at that. Tomorrow. There's a Dutch boat sailing for Lisbon—Oh, it's all right to laugh, but it's going to happen some day."

"There isn't a city in Europe, Joe—her voice was somner enough now—"where we wouldn't be running into people all the time who knew me. And who'd know what I'd done. Oh, it's a lovely dream, my dear, but it will never come true."

(To be continued)

Instead of Ice.

In cases of illness, when ice is not procurable for cooling the head of a feverish patient, cut a strip of cucumber peel rather thick and lay the inner part on the forehead. It is delightfully cool and remains so for some time.

It's a Fact.

One of the difficulties about giving advice when it's asked for is that as soon as you give your best judgment the other man immediately wants to argue with you and show you why you're wrong.

Walks Back.

It is no uncommon thing for a poor Chinese coolie to spend his last "cash" for a speedy automobile ride which leaves him stranded many miles from home, to which he trudges back com- placently.

Women Speak Too Fast.

Telephone experts say that most women speak too fast over the telephone, pitch their voices too high and neglect the vital quality of the successful telephonist—composure.

Glass Bottles in 1808.

The first manufactured product to be exported from the American colonies was glass bottles, made in a factory in the woods near Jamestown, Va., before 1700.

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The Mercury

ESTABLISHED 1855
PUBLISHED BY MERCURY PUBLISHING CO.

Saturday, January 5, 1924

1923 is no longer with us; 1924 has taken its place, and to all outward appearances it is a healthy infant. Business men, financiers and people generally look upon it with favor. Secretary Hoover says the odds are favorable to 1924 as a banner year for business throughout the world.

The Republican members of the General Assembly have agreed in caucus to report out all the principal Democratic measures in the committees, so that they can be discussed on their merits by the entire body. This it is supposed will prevent a repetition of last winter's filibuster.

The Government closed its financial year with a balance of \$276,842,518 in the treasury after all debts were paid. The total collections the last year were \$1,164,905,600, nearly half a billion dollars more than was paid in during 1922. It looks as though Mellon's tax reduction measure could be passed by Congress with perfect safety.

Former Representative Herbert W. Smith's project to bridge Narragansett Bay between Bristol and Portsmouth, near Bristol Ferry, is not dead. A resolution is to be introduced in the General Assembly making an appropriation of \$2000 for drawing plans and specifications for the bridge. This bridge would be of great benefit to the entire state.

The retirement of Secretary of State Parker is a loss to the state. He has been connected with the office for many years and has managed its affairs in a manner eminently satisfactory to the people at large. Mr. Parker was elected to the office of Secretary of State in 1909, but previous to that date he had for quite a number of years been connected with the office as Deputy under the former Secretary, Charles P. Bennett.

When it gets so they can shoot wolves running at large in New York City, as was the case a few days ago, it looks as though the metropolis was on the way to become a deserted village. There are still many two-legged wolves left in that city, so it will be well for the countryman to beware when he gets within the confines of that half-wild. The two-legged specimen is oft times more dangerous than the fur-bearing animal.

The third party advocates are now only waiting, it is said, for LaFollette to say the word and they will boost him to the head of the column as their candidate for President. This party claims to think that the Wisconsin deniged as their standard bearer can sweep the country. Well, let them think so, and they will find out next November what their thoughts did. That this country will elect such a man for its President is inconceivable.

Gossip now has it that the Republicans of this state propose to nominate a woman for Lieutenant Governor this fall. The same gossips give the names of three ladies most prominent for the position. They are Mrs. Frank H. Hamill of Bristol, Mrs. Edward S. Moulton of Providence, and Mrs. J. E. Cheesman, also of Providence. The Lieutenant Governor is now the presiding officer of the senate. Should the two parties be as nearly even as they are now the office of Lieutenant Governor will be no sinecure.

An investigation is now going on of the sheriff's fees in the several counties of the state. The investigation thus far, it is claimed, shows that the Sheriff of Providence County received in fees in the past eleven months the sum of \$15,536.54, besides his salary of \$5,000 a year. This would indicate that the sheriff's office of that county is a pretty fat one. The investigation of Sheriff Anthony's office of this county does not show any excessive fees, nor that the sheriff is receiving more than he is entitled to. In fact, the income of this office will not enrich anyone very rapidly in these times of high prices. The sheriff of this county certainly earns all he gets.

The bonus bill, now before Congress, will cost this country, if passed, five billions of dollars according to Secretary Mellon, and he doubtless knows better than any other man. It will do away with any reduction of taxes for many years, and yet the small politicians in Congress are bent on its passage. The reason is so obvious that no explanation is required. It is a direct bid for the soldier vote and nothing else. If the bill passes Congress, as it undoubtedly will, President Coolidge will veto it as speedily as did President Harding a year ago. The question then comes, have the politicians strength enough to pass it over the veto. It is generally believed that its passage over the veto in the senate is very doubtful.

GENERAL ASSEMBLY

The lawmakers of Rhode Island began their second session at the State House, Providence, somewhere near one o'clock on Tuesday, and immediately the bill-hopper was filled, nearly every member having some measure of "reform" to present. Gov. Flynn delivered his second annual message to the two bodies in convention, in which he repeats many of his last year's suggestions. He is strongly in favor of a constitutional convention to make new laws for the state; he would have a 48-hour law passed for women and children; he demands the abolition of the property qualification in both cities and towns of the state; he would have the state senate made up according to the population, and not by cities and towns, notwithstanding the fact that such a division would give the control of that body practically to one city; he would have the chief executive of the state given full appointing power of all the state's officers; he proposes that parents shall have the right to educate their children as they please; he recommends the change of the workman's compensation law so as to give more liberal benefits; he proposes the consolidation of the numerous commissions of the state, and that every political organization shall be compelled to report the exact sums of money contributed for political purposes. These are among the principal recommendations in the message, many of which are a repetition from last year's message.

In the senate, Senator Greene of Newport introduced a resolution making an appropriation of \$2500 for stenographic reporter of the senate proceedings; also a resolution declaring Broadway, Newport, from the Mile Corner to Lake's Corner, a part of the state roads system, both of which were referred to the finance committee. The resignation of Secretary of State Parker was received and accepted. Measures proposing amendments to the constitution of the state in accordance with the Governor's recommendation, were introduced and referred to proper committees. Senator Peckham of Middletown introduced a bill giving women the right to sit on juries; also an act authorizing the town of Middletown to issue \$50,000 bonds to fund the town debt; Senator Grinnell of Tiverton, a bill to prevent discrimination in salaries and wages of men and women. A resolution was introduced appropriating \$100,000 for a hospital at the Soldiers' Home in Bristol. Several bills were introduced, repealing the Sherwood prohibition law passed two years ago. Representative Bliss of Newport introduced a bill to amend the general laws "Of Jurors and Jurists." Senator J. Eugene Littlefield and Representative Giles P. Dunn, of Block Island, were liberally thanked in both branches for entertaining the members of the Assembly last summer; evidently the pleasing memories of a pleasant occasion remained fresh in the minds of the members. On the whole, Tuesday was a busy day with our lawmakers.

In the senate Thursday Senator Greene of Newport introduced a bill to repeal the Sherwood prohibition act; the Providence senator introduced a bill suspending Judges Wright, Harris and Herbert for "pernicious political activity." Senator Littlefield of New Shoreham, a bill appropriating \$45,000 for roads of that town. The Senate committee on Special Legislation agreed to report out the two Democratic measures, calling for a constitutional convention, and the re-organization of the senate on the basis of population.

A resolution was introduced in the senate yesterday by Senator Greene of Newport, asking the General Government to give more attention to building a Naval base in Narragansett Bay. The resolution was unanimously passed under suspension of the rules. It reads:

"Resolved, That the General Assembly of the State of Rhode Island hereby declares its firm conviction that the interests of the country will be benefited by the passage of the necessary legislation for increasing the appropriation for the Torpedo Station and Naval Training Station at Newport, and for the establishment of a naval base and the construction of a dry dock within the limits of Narragansett Bay."

It is provided that the Senators and Representatives in Congress be requested to use their influence in Washington for the object in view.

The days have now increased seven minutes in length. They have not begun to lengthen in the morning, and the increase has all been at night. The increase at night has been fourteen minutes in all, but since the increase at night began the mornings have shortened several minutes. The sun rises today at 7.13 and sets at 4.29.

Predictions are now freely made that President Coolidge will be nominated at Cleveland on the first ballot. Thus far the opposition is showing but little strength. Hiram Johnson is the only pronounced candidate in sight, and Coolidge supporters will not need to lie awake nights worrying over any harm that he can do.

Governor Flynn Wednesday submitted to the General Assembly the proposition of the general government to sell Fort Mansfield at Westerly to the state. The price asked for the property is \$91,788.65. This includes 93 acres of land.

SECRETARY MELLON'S TAX REDUCTION BILL SHOULD PASS

The bill proposed by Secretary of Treasury Mellon, which is now before Congress, for reducing the burdens carried by the taxpayer for five years or more, meets with general approval of all parties, except the politicians who are bidding for the soldier vote; and they propose to give the bonus measure the preference, hoping thereby to clinch that vote. Many of these politicians assume to think that we can have both in spite of the fact that Secretary Mellon has shown that the passage of the bonus bill will prevent any tax reduction for a generation. The business men of the country are agreed that the Mellon plan means prosperity; it will lower the cost of living and make the dollar worth one hundred cents. Leaders in all the country's industries are a unit in favor of the bill. It is the universal verdict that Congress can take no step to stimulate prosperity for all classes in America comparable to passing with promptness and without change the Mellon plan for tax reduction and readjustment. The plan is comprehensive and universally fair as proposed. Changes and delay are dangerous.

The entire plan is equitable, fair and universally beneficial. If carried out, it will do more good for the nation than anything else and there should be no opposition to it.

Both Democrats and Republicans should unite in passing the bill without delay, and as speedily as possible remove the great burden that has for years been borne by the taxpayer to the great detriment to business generally. Anything that is for the benefit of all the people, like removing the tax burden, should not be hampered by politics.

PROMINENT PERSONS WHO HAVE DIED THE PAST YEAR

Among the prominent men who have died the past year, in addition to President Harding, who died August 2nd, are Patrick J. Boyle, for 17 years mayor of Newport, who died January 30; U. S. Senator Knute Nelson of Minnesota, April 28, aged 80 years; Emerson Hough, the noted author, April 30; Charles M. Floyd, former governor of New Hampshire, Feb. 3; William R. Day, associate justice of the U. S. Supreme Court, July 9; Rear Admiral Charles D. Sigbee, commander of the Maine when she was sunk in Havana harbor, July 19; U. S. Senator William Pitt Dillingham, of Vermont, July 12; Samuel W. McCall, former congressman and governor of Massachusetts, Nov. 4; William Allan Pinkerton, the noted detective, Dec. 11; Chief of Police John S. Tobin of Newport, Dec. 31.

BUT FEW VOTES CAST IN THE SOUTH

Voting in the South has always been more or less a farce. Only a very small minority of the population is allowed to vote and only those who vote the Democratic ticket, that representing the white party in those states. In Mississippi the Democratic candidate at the last fall election received only seven per cent. of the total voting population, but he received seven-eighths of all the votes allowed to be cast and counted. In Florida the Democratic candidate was elected by nine per cent. of the voting population; in Virginia he received ten per cent. of the voting population. In all the other Southern states only a small fraction of those entitled to vote did vote and have their votes counted. Voting throughout the South is a farce.

It seems as if rather more Newporters than usual are spending the winter in Florida. Hardly a day passes but that one or more families pick up their belongings and lie themselves to the sunny south. The high price of coal makes it almost as expensive to stay in Newport as to go to a place where summer comfort can be enjoyed.

The long established firm of D. Goff & Sons of Pawtucket has gone into the receiver's hands. The firm is capitalized at \$3,410,000.

Libels the Arabs. Whoever named a certain type of American youth as "shakes" played a low trick on the poor Arabs.

Weekly Calendar JANUARY 1924

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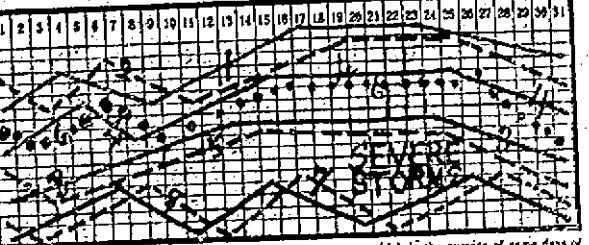
New Moon, Jan. 6th, 7.45 morning.
First Quarter, Jan. 13th, 5.45 evening.
Full Moon, Jan. 21st, 7.50 evening.
Last Quarter, Jan. 28th, 6.51 morning.

Deaths.

In this city, 25th ult., George E. Rice, in his 84th year.
In this city, 28th ult., Benjamin W. H. Peckham, in his 81st year.
In this city, 28th ult., James J. son of the late John J. and Catherine Dempsey Grimes.
In this city, Dec. 31, John S. son of the late John and Margaret L. Tobin.
In this city, 1st inst., Josephine D. daughter of Michael and Mary Davis.
In this city, 1st inst., Bessie M. widow of Edward G. Brown.
In this city, 23 inst., Charles Angelo Pedorella.
In this city, Jan. 2, Elma M. widow of John Peckham and daughter of the late Robinson P. and Julia A. (Peckham) Barker.

FOSTER'S WEATHER BULLETIN

FOSTER'S WEATHER CHART FOR JAN. 1924



Straight, heavy, horizontal lines represent normal temperatures, which is the average of each day of the year for each place. Dotted lines above normal show warm waves; below, cold; that marked 1 is the year for each place. Curved lines above normal show warm waves; below, cold; that marked 1 is the year for each place. Curved lines above normal show warm waves; below, cold; that marked 1 is the year for each place.

Washington, January 5, 1924—Warm wave will move southward on Pacific slope near Jan. 5, and all the Pacific slope will get rising temperatures. These warm waves reach far southward because the low, or storm center, coming southward from the far northwest is a suction and draws the warm, moist air from near the equator so that the weather turns warm far south nearly at the same time it does closer to the southeastward moving storm center. That storm center turns more eastward as it moves southward and about Jan. 6 the warm wave will enter the eastern slope of the Rockies; near 7 it will pass east of the Mississippi and Red River of the North and colder weather will be entering the extreme northwest. By Jan. 8 the warm wave will cover eastern sections.

Atmosphere rises in central parts of warm wave and comes down in the cool wave. The cool wave is anti-storm, does not carry moisture; wind

blows outward at bottom while it blows into the storm center and rises. The cool wave will come into western Canada about Jan. 7. But it does not work like the storm center and the weather does not turn cold in the south till a day or two later than in the northwest. You may count on that cool wave crossing continent from 7 to 11.

Not much moisture is expected from the weather changes mentioned above and those weather changes will not go to extremes. Moderate temperatures are expected through first half of January and not much moisture. We are into the winter drought, and on the western half of the continent a shortage of moisture will be noticed. Storms will be moderate first half of January. Whatever weather extremes occur, in the way of moisture and severe storms, during the winter, will occur in New England and eastern Canada. Unusually warm, dry weather, as an average, is expected following Jan. 13.

BLOCK ISLAND

(From our regular correspondent)

Watch Meeting. Watch meetings were held on New Year's Eve in the First Baptist Church, at the Harbor, and at the Center Methodist Church. During the evening services a short intermission was held and refreshments served. At midnight the changing bells announced the advent of the New Year.

Emerson Mitchell is enjoying a week of hunting on Prudence Island. Ruell Mitchell is spending the winter in East Greenwich, where he is employed by the Gallaudet Airplane Corporation.

Edward McGinty, and James Hubbard are in training for another wood-sawing contest to take place in February. John Gibson is training both contestants and Joseph Peckham, Jr., will manage the affair. The contest will be under the auspices of the Sunshine League.

Surprise Party

A number of young people paid a surprise visit to Mrs. Ella Lockwood on New Year's. During the evening games were played and a radio concert enjoyed. Mrs. Lockwood was the recipient of a large and handsome cut glass vase. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Weber Murray, Mr. and Mrs. Emerson Mitchell, Miss Doris Mitchell, Frederick Frank and Miss Frances Jaiken. Refreshments were served by Mrs. Lockwood with James Hubbard assisting.

D. Y. B. Club

The D. Y. B. Club, which comprises the young ladies of Mrs. Ella M. Lockwood's Sunday School class, met at the home of Mrs. Weber Murray on Friday night. The election of officers will take place on next week.

New Picture House

Mr. Louis Rubin is said to have leased for a period of five years the Garvin Pavilion at the New Harbor, which he will convert into a moving picture house, operating during the summer months only. As the New Harbor will be a rendezvous for a large submarine and destroyer fleet the coming summer the enterprise ought to be a profitable one from the onset.

At the Center Methodist Church on Sunday evening, Dr. Hesford will preach on "A New Year's Interrogation—Is it well with thee?" In the morning at 10.45 the Pastor's subject will be "Conditions for securing a Revival."

Special Meetings

Beginning on Monday evening, January 7th, at 7 p. m. and continuing each night up to and including Sunday, January 13th, a series of special Evangelist's meetings will be held at the Center Methodist Church. These services will be conducted by Rev. Clement Crawley of Fall River, Mass. On account of these meetings, the Sunshine League on Thursday night and the Men's Class on Friday night will be omitted.

FIRES AND OTHER DISASTERS THE PAST YEAR

Among the big fires and other disasters in the country the past year were the fire in Shepard's store in Providence March 8, loss \$1,000,000; fire at Nantasket, Mass., March 28, Paragon Park destroyed; fire in a school at Canton, S. C., May 17, caused the loss of 73 lives; fire in Congress street, Boston, July 18, loss \$1,200,000; Profile House, White Mountains, destroyed Aug. 2, loss \$750,000; twenty-five buildings destroyed in Rumford, Maine, Aug. 2, loss \$400,000; Earthquake and fire in Papan, Sept. 1, killed 250,000 persons, destroyed 300,000 houses, and caused the loss of over a billion dollars; fire in Berkeley, Cal., Sept. 17, caused the death of two persons and a loss of \$10,000,000; Maine State Prison burned Sept. 15, loss \$500,000; Winston Churchill's summer home at Cornish, N. H., destroyed Oct. 6, loss \$150,000; fire in Chicago Insane Hospital Dec. 26 caused the death of 17 persons; September 9, seven U. S. destroyers wrecked on California coast, 25 lives lost; Sept. 27, forty persons were killed in a wreck on the C. B. & Q. R. R. at Caspar, Wyoming.

SALARY ROLL RAPIDLY GROWING

The salary roll of the state officers of Rhode Island today amounts to nearly one million dollars annually, to be as near exact as possible the figures are \$959,460.00. Thirty years ago the entire state's salary roll figured up \$75,500. Today it is nearly fifteen times as much as it was in 1890. The expenses of the state generally have increased in nearly the same proportion. Every session of the General Assembly adds to the list. The tax payer would like to know when the end is to be reached. We might truthfully answer never. Take one item of increase, twenty-five years ago we paid our governor \$1,000 a year, now we pay him \$5,000. Does anyone suppose for a moment that we get any better governors now for \$8000 than we got at that period for \$1,000? The same could be said of nearly every other state official. The increase in state officials goes on year after year with lightning-like rapidity.

The German Mark, in former years worth about one-quarter of a dollar of Uncle Sam's money, is now figured at 420,000,000,000 to one dollar of the United States vintage.

The French Franc, whose normal value is nineteen and three-tenths cents Uncle Sam's money, is worth now only four and ninety-five hundredths cents.

BOSTON MARKET REVIEW

Prepared by the Boston Office of the Bureau of Agricultural Economics, U. S. Dept. of Agriculture

For Week Ending December 23, 1923

BRIGHTON LIVE STOCK AND BOSTON WESTERN DRESSED MEATS
Hog receipts light, market quiet. Demand light. Bulk of sales \$7.25-7.50. Butcher cattle receipts moderate, market quiet, demand light. Cows and calves \$2.50-3.75, butchers \$4.00-4.50. Cows and calves \$2.00-2.25. Receipts of veal calves moderate, market slow, demand light. Light weight veal calves selling at \$3.00-3.10, with heavies at \$2.50-3.00 per 100 lbs. Receipts of milk cows limited, market quiet, demand light. Cheese selling at \$14.00-16.00; good \$12.00-14.00; medium \$10.00-12.00; and common \$9.00-10.00 per 100 lbs.

PRICES AND SUBSTITUTES

Most lines of shipped-in produce on the wholesale market continue to move slowly at prices which show little change from those prevailing during the holiday. Of the staples, onions, potatoes, cabbage, squash, and apples-potatoes are the only commodity which exhibits any firm tendency. Best Maine Green Mountains are moving in moderate volume at a range of \$1.75-1.85 per 100 lbs. sack. Medium to large Mass. Conn. Valley onions are selling at \$2.25-2.75 per 100 lbs. sack and New York stock brings about the same prices. New York State Danish type cabbage packed locally continues to move slowly at \$1.50-1.55 per 100 lbs. bag and \$2.00 per barrel. Sweet potatoes are the rising in one variety, the Florida variety continues to advance slightly higher at \$2.25-2.50 on Delaware stock in bushel hampers. Supplies of Green Vegetables, while only moderate, are sufficient for the demand experienced the past week. California iceberg lettuce ranged \$2.00-3.00. According to the Florida stock is not arriving in plentiful supply yet. Texas spinach is selling fairly steady at \$1.25-1.50 per bushel basket and Maryland stock ranges mostly \$1.10-1.25. Medium to large size Florida oranges are moving slowly on the street at a range of \$3.00-4.00 on Brights and \$2.50-3.50 on Golden. Grapefruit are bringing mostly \$2.50-3.00 per crate. Apples are moving slowly. Most of the Baldwin range \$1.00-1.25 and Maine unclassified Baldwin at \$2.25-3.50. Heavy cold storage apples are causing most members of the trade to buy apples in volume sufficient for immediate needs only and trading is consequently limited.

DAIRY AND POULTRY PRODUCTS

Dressed poultry rather quiet, after the holiday and movement of the stock. Demand heavy especially for heavy cold and heavy chickens with other sizes very hard to move. Poultry 5 lb. av. 27-30c; 4-4 1/2 lb. av. 24-26c; 3-3 1/2 lb. av. 21-23c. Chickens 6 lb. av. 30-31c; 4-4 1/2 lb. av. 25-28c; 3-3 1/2 lb. av. 21-23c. Live Poultry trade has been very quiet this week as demand was poor. Poultry 2-2 1/2 lb. av. 24-26c. Butter market quiet, slightly on most scores. Supplies of fine winter both fresh and storage are very limited and demand has been fair. Buyers have shown more interest and were inclined to anticipate their requirements somewhat. Some speculative demand for lower scores was reported late in the week. 82 score 3c; 80-81 score 2 1/2-3c; 78-82 score 1 1/2-2c; 77 score 1c. Egg market about steady with prices on fresh gathered eggs slightly lower than last week. Storage demand and movement is showing some improvement and prices have advanced on all grades. Westerns Extra 19-20c; A extra 17-18c; Firsts 14-15c; Seconds 12-13c. 50-52c with fancy browns up to 55c. Refrigerators Extra firsts 23 1/2c, Grats 21-23c; seconds 21 1/2-23c.

John P. Deering, former Saco municipal court judge and twice candidate for the Republican nomination as Governor, has announced his candidacy as delegate to the Republican national convention at Cleveland next June. He was a classmate and roommate of President Coolidge at Amherst College.

Married life was an asset in the municipal court, Bangor, Me., when Judge Butterfield sentenced 13 who pleaded guilty to drunkenness. Five or six men replied in the affirmative when asked if they were married, and were told to take the money which would otherwise be assessed as fines, and to spend it on their families for Christmas.

Elbert O. Stone, 60, assistant superintendent of the Lane Manufacturing Company, Montpelier, Vt., a victim of nervousness and for two months a sufferer from insomnia, ended his life by shooting. During the night he arose three times and went outside for walks. He arose in the morning later than usual, as the plant was closed for the day, ate a hearty breakfast, visited the plant for a few minutes, and returned, carrying with him the mail, which included many Christmas postals and cards, which he gave to his wife.

He immediately took a revolver from his pocket and shot himself. Richard M. Davis, gamekeeper at the New Marlboro Association preserves in southern Berkshire, Mass., was awakened early in the morning by a commotion among his mallard ducks and geese. Hastening out with his gun he discovered a large gray timber wolf making away with a goose. The animal tried to escape but Mr. Davis shot it as it was about to leap over the eight-foot wire fence of the poultry yard. He estimates that the wolf was 50 years old. The beast's teeth were worn down to the jaws, but its fur was in good condition. Lupo, so named by Mr. Davis, is believed to be one of a pair that Cortlandt Field Bishop, the Whitehead and others saw last February in New Marlboro and on Mount Washington. It is the first one killed in the Berkshire hills since 1902.

Farmers not only in Greater Boston, but in many other sections have been taking advantage of the mild weather and lack of frost in the ground, and are doing their Spring plowing. According to the older farmers, this plowing now is a great thing. It turns the old soil under and the new soil on top so that the land is sweetened during the period of real cold weather. Then again, the grubs and other insect life that have borrowed into the ground for the winter season are turned out to the cold, chilly blasts, and many are thus killed. "Sing, Whistle or Hum!"

Oakland, Calif., Ind.—Sing, whistle or hum! is a rule recently given to the congregation of the United Presbyterian church at Somerville by the pastor, Rev. J. P. Cooley. The congregation is taking him at his word, and many whistle, a few hum and the others sing. Rev. Mr. Cooley is publisher of the Somerville Advance.

Send him off to his work with a good breakfast You can prepare it easily and quickly by using

THE UNIVERSAL FOOD CHOPPER

Hash for the family chopped in two minutes. Chops everything else with like rapidity.

At Best Hardware Stores

See that "UNIVERSAL" is on the machine you buy.

There are inferior imitations. THE GENUINE IS SOLD BY

JOHN ROSE & CO.

BLOCK ISLAND, R. I.

DOROTHY L. ROBERTS

Has Won Firestone University Scholarship



Dorothy L. Roberts of Harlan, Ky., seventeen-year-old high school girl, has won the Harvey S. Firestone four-year university scholarship. Her essay, "The Influence of the Highway Transport Upon the Religious Life of My Community," entered in a national contest conducted by the highway education board, was chosen as the best of 150,000 submitted.

NEW PEACE MOVE

BEGINS IN MEXICO

Governor Flores, of Sinaloa, Presidential Candidate, Undertakes to Mediate.

Mexico City, via Laredo.—Upon the eve of Federal offensives against the rebellious forces commanded by Generals Enrique Estrada and Manuel Dieguez in the State of Jalisco and General Fortunato Maycotte and Castro in the State of Oaxaca, reports are again in circulation of a peace move. The reports say the author of the new effort toward peace is General Angel Flores, Governor of Sinaloa, a Presidential candidate.

According to unconfirmed reports which are given prominence in Excelsior, Judge Manuel Tellez, heading a commission from Sinaloa, has arrived in Mexico City with the Flores' peace proposal.

After conferring with General Estrada at Guadalajara, Judge Tellez is reported to have been in wireless communication with General Maycotte and with de la Huerta, leader of the revolt, at Vera Cruz. Details of the reported peace proposal could not be learned.

It is stated, however, that Judge Tellez conferred with President Obregon before the latter departed yesterday for Laredo for the purpose of directing the offensive on the Jalisco front.

The principal advance of the Federal forces is scheduled to start from the vicinity of Laredo, under command of General Joaquin Amara, with President Obregon assuming general supervision.

WORLD'S NEWS IN CONDENSED FORM

CHICAGO.—With a new process for making fuel out of lignite, Thyssen gets options on North Dakota fields.

CONSTANTINOPLE.—Loss of United States freighter Cobos, with 87 lives, in Black Sea, confirmed.

BERLIN.—Bavarian People's party moves for restoration of monarchy by demanding dissolution of Landtag and revision of constitution.

PARIS.—Gen. Buat, French army staff chief, dies in Paris.

NEW YORK.—Federal Reserve Board reports American people spent and saved more in 1923 than in 1922.

PARIS.—Official announcement was made by the French Ministry of Marine that the super-dreadnaught Dixmude might be definitely considered as lost.

LONDON.—The British Red Cross Society will not act upon the appeal from the International Red Cross at Geneva to provide relief for Germany.

CINCINNATI.—More than 3,000 scientists from all parts of the world attended the opening sessions of the seventy-fifth anniversary jubilee meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science.

TOKIO.—Japanese cabinet resigns following assassin's attempt to kill Prince Regent.

WHEELING.—A. M. Mutter, formerly a federal dry agent, convicted of selling liquor at Bluefield, West Virginia, is banished from his home county for one year, unless he accepts a full sentence.

NEW YORK.—Lord Beaverbrook denies there is an English newspaper trust.

NEW YORK.—Acting Mayor Hubbert warns owners of 300 autos that if they persist in violating the speed limit their machines will be seized.

Congressman John E. Nelson denies that he is a candidate for Governor of Maine when his attention was called to an article to that effect in a Maine paper. He admitted that he had been approached by a group, which had urged that he enter the gubernatorial race, but said he could not see his way clear at this time.

SELL U. S. ARMS TO OBREGON

10,000 Rifles and Ammunition Will Be Sold as Surplus Stock—Airplanes Doubtful.

STEP FULLY CONSIDERED

Administration Holds It Is Not Departure From Harding Policy, Aim Being to Restore Peace—Rebel Protests Are Vain.

Washington.—The decision of the Coolidge Administration to sell American Government arms to the Mexican Government for use against the de la Huerta revolutionists was taken after consultation of the Cabinet.

Secretary Hughes laid the matter before the Cabinet, and strongly recommended that the sale be made as concrete evidence of the professions of the American Government in favor of the maintenance of stability and orderly constitutional procedure in Mexico.

Secretary Weeks stated that the decision of the President in the matter was wholly acceptable to him. He will confer with the President and Secretary Hughes tomorrow regarding the sale. This conference, it is understood, will relate to details of the transaction. It was stated in a high quarter tonight that all that remained to be completed is detail as to the particular war material to be sold, from what army stocks it will be taken and the reimbursement of the War Department.

President Coolidge and Secretary Hughes had discussed the matter, it is learned, before it was brought to the attention of the Cabinet, where it was considered from the viewpoint of both legality and policy. The decision was reached that the President has ample legal power to sell a limited amount of surplus war material to the Mexican Government, and also that it would be right and proper for this Government thus to render material aid to President Obregon in his endeavor to put down the revolutionary movement which is seeking the overthrow of his regime in Mexico.

There is considerable criticism in Washington among those who feel that the Coolidge Administration has either set a dangerous precedent or acted unwisely, in the sale of Government war munitions to the Obregon Government. Senator Lodge, chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, however, is not opposed to no prospect of the decision to make comment, but it is understood, he thinks, the Administration made a mistake. Representative Garner of Texas, ranking Democratic member of the House Ways and Means Committee, also said he thought it a great mistake to sell American army rifles to the Mexican Government, because it might be interpreted as taking sides in the internal political affairs of a friendly power, and was also likely to lead to serious consequences in the future. "We should have nothing to do with factional difference in Mexico," he said. "Ours should be a hands-off policy."

These criticisms, when brought to the attention of high officials in the Administration, failed to shake their position and it is understood there is no prospect of the decision to make this sale of arms to Mexico being altered. The view of the State Department is that it would have been a serious mistake for this Government to have rejected the urgent appeal made by the Obregon Government, and that the United States Government should at least go this far in endeavoring to assist the present Federal Government to maintain itself against the revolution now in progress.

General Obregon, it is also definitely and officially learned, in confirmation of the statement contained in a dispatch, is not to be given all the war material he wants to purchase on credit from the United States. The proposal from General Obregon, as submitted by Ramon Ross, his special emissary now in Washington, and by Senator Tellez, charge d'Affaires of the Mexican Embassy, was for the sale by the United States Government not only of modern high-powered Springfield rifles and special ammunition for them.

SEEK DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION

To Meet in City Which Makes an Offer of the Most Money.

Washington.—When the Democratic National Committee meets here on January 15 to pick the convention city for 1924, it is going to be influenced in its decision mainly by the size of the checks which the various bidding cities send. Democratic chiefs here were candid in stating their position. They need the money, and the city which makes the best financial offer for the convention is going to get it.

POLICE TAKING DOCTOR CENSUS

New York Begins Check Up in Hunt for "Quacks."

New York.—In connection with the investigation of alleged medical quacks in this city, the police department began a complete census of practitioners of every description using the title of doctor or the M. D. degree with their names. The M. D. will be checked against license records and those found to be illegitimately practicing will be prosecuted. It was reported.

The unseasonably warm weather has developed a new peril for hunting dogs. The thin ice has claimed one of the best fox hounds in Middleboro, Mass.

While chasing a fox in Lakeville, a hound owned by Dr. A. V. Smith followed Reynard across Dunhams Pond. The ice carried the dog footed fox but the heavy weight of the dog caused the ice to break and the dog went in.

MANUEL ROXAS

Presented Filipino Side in the Wood Controversy



Manuel Roxas, speaker of the Philippine house of representatives, who came to Washington with four technical advisers to present the Filipino side of the controversy between Governor General Wood and the native legislators.

CLEAN KLAN OR KILL IT, IMPERIAL GIANT WRITES

Says Hooded Order Has Become "a Cheap Political Machine," Dealing in Violence.

Washington.—Edward Young Clarke, Imperial Giant of the Ku Klux Klan, who as Chief Klaxgale and promoter took charge of that organization with a few scattered chapters in the South and spread it over the country with unparalleled rapidity, began here a movement for either its reformation or destruction.

Armed with documents which, it is declared, will condemn the Klan before the bar of public opinion, he established headquarters in the capital, issued statements deploring the tendency of the order toward lawlessness and political dictatorship and addressed a letter to President Coolidge seeking the President's cooperation in forcing the lawless element out of the Klan or, this being impossible, a complete stamping out of the menace.

Clarke's purpose, according to his associates, is merely, as he states, to reform or kill the creature of his industry. His original conception, they declare, was a fraternal organization extending into all the States, but keeping free from politics, into which the Klan has now entered with vigor. Imperial Wizard Evans arrived here. He made no comment on Clarke's activities.

The White House made known that the Clarke communication will be acknowledged, but otherwise remained silent.

Clarke's entourage made clear, however, that the matter will not be dropped should the President decide to keep his hands out of it. The possibility of an inquiry by Congress was hinted.

LATEST EVENTS AT WASHINGTON

Sale of arms to Mexico arouses protests from members of Congress.

President Coolidge has been urged by William Allen White and others to appoint W. S. Culbertson of Kansas, vice chairman of the United States Tariff Commission, as chairman in place of Thomas O. Marvin of Massachusetts.

The American Army has a gun capable of hurling an armor-piercing projectile weighing 1,550 pounds for a distance of 23 miles, the War Department announces. The gun is a fourteen-inch .50 calibre.

President Coolidge was invited to intervene in the controversy within the Ku Klux Klan.

Secretary Weeks was represented as opposing speculative enterprises by army officers which would be "improper" in view of the means of the officers.

Investigation of charges that Senators and Representatives have accepted money for expounding the cause of Philippine independence is provided for in a resolution introduced in the House by Representative Fear of Wisconsin.

President involved in political animosity of being supported for nomination by Congressional majority which strongly opposes his policies.

Lieutenant Osborne C. Wood faces demand for \$375,000 Federal tax as a result of his Wall Street "flour" U. S. warns Honduras to suppress disorders and conduct honest election.

Harry F. Sinclair again refuses to testify before Senate Committee on Teapot Dome case, and Senators vote to compel him to answer.

The home of Dr. and Mrs. Walter D. Shurtliff, Plymouth, Mass., was the scene of a festive occasion, when a large number of their relatives and friends gathered to help them celebrate their silver wedding. Prominent on the table was a large piece of the original wedding cake and although 25 years old, it was still excellent.

MELLON TAX BILL IS MADE PUBLIC

Rates on \$4,000 Incomes Cut From 4 to 3 P. C.; Others Lowered from 8 to 6 P. C.

PRECEDENT, IS SET ASIDE

Surtaxes Cut; Administrative Methods Changed; Appeals Board of 28 Provided—Ways and Means Committee Ends Secrecy.

Washington.—One of the principal revisions provided in the Mellon tax bill is a reduction of surtax rates, so that the surtax would begin at 1 per cent, on net incomes from \$10,000 to \$15,000; would provide an additional 1 per cent for each additional \$2,000 up to \$35,000; 1 per cent additional for the next \$1,000, and would then add 1 per cent for each \$5,000 up to a maximum of 25 per cent on net incomes of \$1,000,000 or more.

Under the present law surtaxes begin at 1 per cent on net incomes between \$5,000 and \$10,000 and scale upward to a maximum of 50 per cent on net incomes exceeding \$200,000.

The new bill also provides that the normal tax on incomes shall be 3 per cent, where it is now 4 per cent, and 6 per cent, where it is now 8 per cent.—A reduction which the Treasury estimates will result in a loss of revenue of \$91,500,000 a year.

Provision is made in the bill that 25 per cent of "earned income," which is defined as wages, salaries and professional fees, shall be counted as exempt in computing income tax returns. The greater part of this exemption is expected to fall to those having small incomes, with the result that the Treasury expects a reduction of \$37,500,000 from this section.

The bill proposes the repeal of the present taxes on telegrams, telephone and radio messages, theatre admissions and certain other "luxury taxes," including the levies on silver plate, flat silverware, pencils, and fountain pens selling for not more than \$1 and clocks and watches selling for not more than \$5.

The administrative features of the bill include a provision for creating a Board of Tax Appeals, composed of not fewer than seven nor more than twenty-eight members, appointed for ten-year terms at salaries of \$10,000 each by the Secretary of the Treasury without Senate confirmation. The board would hear and determine cases involving the assessment of taxes, but both the Government and the taxpayer would be privileged to appeal any decision to the courts.

In dealing with delinquencies, the bill provides that where there is no evidence of fraud, a penalty of only interest at the rate of 1 per cent a month can be levied. The present law provides a penalty of 6 per cent of the amount of taxes involved and a specific penalty of \$1,000 in addition to interest at the rate of 1 per cent a month. Under the new bill the Commissioner of Internal Revenue, where it is apparent that the payment of delinquencies would work undue hardship, would have the authority to extend the time of payment not to exceed eighteen months.

Specific provision is made that interest at the rate of 6 per cent shall be paid by the Government on all refunds of taxes illegally collected.

One of the provisions placed in the bill by the Treasury in its effort to stop tax dodging stipulates that where property is placed in trust but the creator of the trust retains power to withdraw it, the income from the property is taxed as belonging to the creator.

Another provision, which it is estimated will increase revenues \$5,000,000, would place taxpayers in all States on the same basis regardless of State community tax laws. It stipulates that where husband and wife have a joint interest in property acquired after marriage the income from such property is to be taxed to the one having control over it. This provision is aimed particularly at the community tax laws of Texas, Washington, Arizona, Idaho, New Mexico, Louisiana, Nevada and California, under which married couples have been pooling income from property jointly owned for the purpose of taking advantage of a lower surtax rate.

Particularly appropriate as a Christmas center piece, Mrs. Clifford Westgate of Rock Village, Middleboro, Mass., showed her guests and callers a good-sized orange tree which she has raised. It had 23 full-grown oranges on it.



Cuticura Maintains Youthful Freshness and Beauty of Skin

Daily use of Cuticura Soap, assisted by Cuticura Ointment, overcomes a tendency to disfiguring eruptions in youth and lays the foundation of a clear skin through life. Always include the Cuticura Talcum in your toilet preparations.

Sample Free by Mail. Address: "Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. 127, Malden, Mass." Subscribers receive 100¢ Cuticura Soap and 10¢ Cuticura Talcum Free.

Incorporated 1819

The Savings Bank of Newport

THAMES STREET

INTEREST 4 1-2 PER CENT PER ANNUM

Deposits made on or before January 19, 1924, draw interest from that date.

Deposits \$13,642,505.10

WHY LET MONEY DWINDLE AWAY?

By carrying a large sum of money with you, it may soon part company for things not actually needed, or it may be lost or stolen. Save regularly and put your cash to work promptly with the Industrial Trust Company.

4 Per Cent. Interest paid on Participation Accounts

Money deposited on or before the 15th of any month, draws interest from the 1st of that month.

THE INDUSTRIAL TRUST COMPANY

(OFFICE WITH NEWPORT TRUST COMPANY)

EVERY ARTICLE SOLD IS MADE ON THE PREMISES

SNON KUSCHNY'S SONS

Manufacturing Confectioners

232 Thames Street

Branch, 16 Broadway

NEWPORT, R. I.

CHOCOLATES A SPECIALTY MARZIPAN CONFECT.

All Chocolate Goods are made of Walter Baker Chocolate Covering

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC CAKES A SPECIALTY
INDIVIDUAL ICES AND SHERBETS

All Orders Promptly Attended to

CHOICE CANDIES MADE DAILY

TELEPHONE CONNECTION

All Goods are Fresh Absolutely

NEW ENGLAND NEWS IN TABLOID FORM

News of General Interest From the Six States

Arnold Bouthillier, a New Bedford mill worker, has the millionth telephone of the New England Telephone and Telegraph Company.

Orin Bickford, 65, of Gardiner, Me., committed suicide by hanging in a shed. Jasper Holt, a neighbor, called to give him a Christmas present, and not finding him in the house began a search and found him dead in the shed.

Gov. Percival P. Baxter of Maine, somewhat unexpectedly announced that he will not be a candidate for the Republican nomination for Governor the primaries next June. This leaves the field to Mayor Albert R. Day of Bangor, A. S. Crawford, Jr., of Caribou, and State Senator Ralph O. Brewster of Portland, who have announced their candidacies for the nomination.

Following a search of more than five years for the murderer of Vincenzo Cericoni, who was stabbed to death on Christmas eve in a West Virginian resort nine years ago, during a quarrel, Daniel Cericoni of Milford, Mass., a brother of the murdered man, is today happy over the fact that he succeeded in locating his brother's assassin a day before the ninth anniversary of the brother's death.

Denying the claim made by the directors of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers Trust that Miss Helen V. Boswell holds the honor of being the first woman recognized as capable of filling an executive position in labor banking business, Peter J. Brady, president of the Federation Bank points to Mrs. Sarah A. Conboy, director of that labor bank, as holding that honor. Mrs. Conboy, one of the most prominent leaders in labor union affairs in Boston and Massachusetts, is also active in similar roles in New York and, according to Mr. Brady, the honor accorded to Miss Boswell who is a vice president should be given to Mrs. Conboy.

The enrollment at Boston University for the first semester is 10,095, which is a slight increase over the figure for the second semester last year, as announced by the bursar's office. There are 5,411 men and 4,685 women. Twenty-eight foreign countries are represented, and there are students from every state in the Union. Of the foreign students, 56 are men. Only 11 women students from other countries.

Representative Ernest W. Gibson of Brattleboro, Vt., home for the Christmas recess, said that the next delegation from Vermont to the National Republican convention should include women. Vermont is entitled to 11 delegates, whereas heretofore this State has been entitled to only eight, and Col. Gibson thinks that at least the three additional delegates should be women and that the younger element should be recognized.

The United Shoe Workers of America and the Shoe Workers' Protective Union, two of the largest shoe unions in the country, have combined to form what will be one of the strongest organizations of the sort in the world, according to an announcement made in Lynn. The new body, which, it is estimated, will have a membership of at least 35,000, will adopt the name of the Shoe Workers' Protective Union.

HOWARD SUCCEEDS GEDDES

Distinguished Diplomat Made Ambassador to Washington.

London.—It was officially announced that Sir Esme Howard, present British Ambassador to Spain, has been appointed to Washington, D. C., succeeding Sir Auckland Geddes, who resigned because of ill health. Once counselor of the embassy at Washington, the popular envoy is a scion of the famous house of Howard, of which the sixteenth Duke of Norfolk, premier peer, is the chief.

URGES JOBS FOR WOUNDED

President Asks Aid in Placing 70,000 Rehabilitated Veterans.

Washington.—President Coolidge has taken steps to obtain suitable employment for former service men and women disabled in the World War and rehabilitated by the Veterans' Bureau, writing letters asking co-operation to Julius H. Barnes, president of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, and to Samuel Compere, president of the American Federation of Labor.

The Tall Talk Club

By CLARA C. HOLMES

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"We've got talking machines in Warrington, but they're no credit to the town."

"Why not, Aunt Hopsy?"

"In the first place, there's Susanna Simpkins and Seth Shooster, whose tongues are forever going. In the second place, our graphophones are worn-out contraptions. We Warrington folks attended Clearspring's anniversary celebration, and at night the boys got on the train with eleven second-hand machines, loggin' 'em home."

"A Clearspring bargain?"

"Cat's paw, no! Clearspring root beer and cider! If the boys hadn't drunk more than they ought, the machine feller wouldn't have bamboozled 'em."

"It wasn't a creditable affair, was it?"

"Law, we women most had kenption firs. Susanna Simpkins summoned a meeting of the 'Ladies' Grill'."

"The Ladies' Grill?"

"Yes, it's Miss Simpkins's society. Our platform is, 'Rolling men in caldrons, grilling them on gridlrons!'"

"What did the society do?"

"We voted to hold a crusade against men folks' folly and graphophones. Miss Simpkins has leisure, so we chose her chairman of an investigating committee."

"So Miss Simpkins led the Crusade?"

"She's leading it; you can join us, Ruth."

"I prefer to be neutral," I demurred. "I don't s'pose it's any of your funeral, but come along with me to the meeting."

Oddly exhilarated, I got my hat.

We found Miss Simpkins speaking. "In order to be a success," she was advising, "the roasting process must be commenced at home. I'm sorry I have nothing to report on except a Thomas cat; therefore I will give my time over to the home report of Mrs. Daniel Degillite."

Aunt Hopsy's sides shook with laughter, but the big woman got herself to her feet.

"I can say that our hired man Amos was the only Jack-of-apes who got a spavined machine at our house. When Amos saw it was unwelcome, he said he'd lug it off; but I compromised that he'd keep it and have it to play on, provided he exchange his dancin' fiddles for pious music. Ladies of the Grill, with my advice, Amos has already chosen his hymns."

Aunt Hopsy's report was accepted, and Miss Simpkins challenged Nancy Ann Shooster.

"I lit on my brother Seth hot and heavy for getting buncoed," blustered Nancy. "But Seth's perverse; he asked how much money the Grill would set for reparations, and said he'd pass his hat around among the men, and collect the same."

"Then the day I went to Clearspring to get my spring bonnet, Seth and Amos got their stupid heads together. They ferreted out grandfather's old dress suits and stove-pipe hats; with my flower-pot paint they painted a sign-board: 'Contribute to the Grill'; with the sign-board and a graphophone they toured the town hurdy-gurdy style. Ladies, had I been at home, Seth Shooster should never have gone, never!"

"How much money did they collect?" piped a child.

"Ninety-nine cents; Seth says when he collect 't'other cent he's going to Dr. Parks to get a batch of belladonna pills; he thinks if we live on our platform we'll need 'em."

A flutter stirred the Grill room. Some one shrieked that Nancy Ann's report could not be accepted. Susanna was voted in as Seth's regenerator.

The other nine reports were accepted, the miscreants being willing to make amends without ado. Having disposed of the reports, the Grill members, in unison, repeated their slogan: "Rolling men in caldrons, grilling them on gridlrons." Then each member repeated a quotation, satirical, ironical or fiery, and the meeting adjourned.

That evening I overheard Seth and Amos talking in the kitchen.

"Aunt Hopsy's not so bad," uttered Amos.

"It's n't n'p n' tuck with Nancy Ann and me," confided Seth. "All is, Amos, you and me'll have to streak it like wild men every time Susanna comes our way."

Soon the skirmishers grew weary and peace settled on Warrington. On one of these quiet days Cousin Reuben popped the question to Doris Simpkins.

"We mean to be married right away," Reuben confided to Aunt Hopsy and me.

"The young folks be sarpeants for cuttin' up dicos," murmured Aunt Hopsy.

Doris, in a bungalow apron, and Reuben, in a slicker outfit, were unobtrusively married. But the serenaders were eagle-eyed. I was not at home when they celebrated; this is Aunt Hopsy's version of the affair:

"I woke up sudden, a-dreamin' that Gabriel was blowin' his horn. Then tarch our pug, was yelpin'. Then Daniel began, 'murmurin', 'Hepshah, where be ye goin', Hepshah? An' I, havin' lost my senses, answered, 'Daniel, where be ye goin', Daniel?' We lit a candle. Daniel was all a-tremble—poor fellow, he's been ill so much late years with hydrophobia and rheumatiz, and carbuncle and bronchial capules. I took a candle and started, Daniel followin' me, an' I tarch a-followin' Daniel. Amos had let 'em all in—the serenaders."

"Daniel and I didn't look very picturesque," Daniel had on his overalls and a bandanna for a towel. I was in my nightgown and a hairbrush in my hand.

Daniel tried to apologize for our grotesque appearance. He explained he'd been attending Ruth's "Paradise Lost" and it was his idea that just such a pandemonium was now happenin' all over again.

"Then they continued serenadin'. They had all eleven of them asthmatic graphophones goin' at once. Amos said they were playin' 'The Angel's Serenade,' all but him; he didn't have that record; he was playin' 'Almo's Persuaded.'"

"Doris came an' served bride cake an' Reuben root beer. I flew around an' helped 'em; but Daniel did nothin' but pirouette from one to another of the talking contraptions, examinatin' and comparin' 'em, with more mischievous gleamin' in his eyes than a young ostrich has."

"No," concluded Aunt Hopsy, "all the talkin' machines we've got are no credit to the town whatevsomever."

"Notwithstanding the 'Ladies' Grill'?"

"Cat's paw, no; but the society is an improvement on Mrs. Grundy."

And I assented, "The Grill is not a small talk club, Aunt Hopsy."

WEAR THE MASK OF WORRY

Charge That Both American Men and Women Have Strained Expression Is Denied.

The American people are described as wearing the mask of worry. Observers speak of the strained expression seen not only on the faces of those who ride abroad in motor cars, but also in evidence among family parties sitting on lawn or porch removed from danger from the wildest of joy-riders.

It is said that the mask of the strained expression is robbing American women of their beauty. They are described as lacking the serenity and the repose of manner that should add to their charms, and as calling attention to that deficiency as they look upon the world with an expression more likely to arouse pity than admiration.

But is all this true? asks a writer. Here is a question giving opportunity for cultivation of habits of observation. Watch the men and women you meet in the street. So doing you may run the risk of fastening on your own countenance the mask of the strained expression, but you may find that on the countenances of at least a fair proportion of those whom you pass by the way there is evidence of happiness and satisfaction. After all, are not some of those who are disturbed by their discovery of the strained expression in need of new glasses? Is not what they look upon as evidence of worry and nervous strain rather indication of alert and healthy interest in life?

Go and observe for yourself. You may then form a reasonably accurate opinion as to what extent life in the land where the living is the easiest and best is being marred by undue anxiety and needless fear. But take care in your investigations that your own outlook is sufficiently intent to enable you to dodge the faces of your fellow creatures. Better, the strained expression amid the excitement of the street than semi-conscious placidity in the seclusion of the ambulance and the hospital.—Boston Transcript.

WORDS OF THE LODESTONE

Ancient Writers Considered Its Properties as One of the Great Mysteries.

Ancient writers spoke of a mysterious "stone" possessing, among other remarkable properties, the power to "draw to it the all-conquering iron." A common superstition at one time was that magnetic mountains caused ships to fall to pieces by drawing from them their iron nails.

Large quantities of lodestone, or magnetite, are found in all parts of the world. A rod of this substance pointed at each end, and suspended, will set itself to a north-and-south position. Ordinary iron rubbed with magnetite will acquire magnetism and will pick up a needle. Steel through which an electric current has passed also will become magnetized. Bars of steel are formed into the familiar horseshoe shape in order to hold the magnetism better.—Detroit News.

Curious Mistake.

The site of the famous London Inn, called the Tabard, immortalized by Chaucer as the starting point of the pilgrims to Canterbury, is now occupied by a freight house. The original inn, which took its name from its sign, a tabard, or sleeveless coat, was destroyed by the great London fire of 1666. After the fire a new inn was erected and the innkeeper, thinking to perpetuate the name, had a sign of a tabard, or coat, put up instead of a tabard. This successor of the original "Tabard" was razed in 1824.

Cleanliness.

Prevention is the better part of valor in health matters. A little care and cleanliness in the selection of food and its preparation will often avoid big costs and lots of suffering from unnecessary diseases and ailments.

Delight of Beastliness.

It were better for a man to be subject to any vice than to drunkenness; for all other vices and sins are recovered, but a drunkard will never shake off the delight of beastliness.—Sir Walter Raleigh.

Altitude Makes 'Em Flighty.

One New York physician says that business men who occupy offices on the upper floors of the great skyscrapers get flighty after a few years, and unless making a change, become mildly insane.

Ancient Persian Admonition.

The sacred books of the ancient Persians say, "If you would be holy, instruct your children, because all the good acts they perform will be imputed to you."—Montesquieu.

CAT TAUGHT TO SPARE BIRDS

Pet Has Been Instructed as to Right and Wrong by Patient Mistress.

Although cats in New York state are blamed for killing millions of birds annually, there is a cat in Monsey, near Suffern, Rockland county, that, according to her owner, has been taught not to harm birds.

"When we moved into the country," said Mrs. Raymond A. King, to the New York World, "we found living about the grounds pheasants, sparrows, wrens, catbirds, humming birds and bluebirds. What was my horror the very first morning to have our big old mother cat, which is almost human and had been taught to respect our canary's rights, lay a sparrow at my feet?"

"I took Mrs. Pussy in my arms and talked in exactly the same strain I would to a child. I took her out on the porch and introduced her to the pheasants. I showed her nests and made her feel altogether ashamed of herself."

"The effect was that the baby pheasants grew in comfort and all disappeared in perfect condition; not a nest was disturbed, and pussy feels the same moral satisfaction we all feel when our intelligence overcomes our instincts. At least, we ought to give her credit for that."

Mrs. Pussy is the property of little Peggy King. Mrs. King writes under the name of Amy Forbes King.

AUTOMATIC PHONES IN INDIA

Delhi Is Soon to Have Modern System Despite the Unfavorable Climate.

The government of India has determined, as part of an ambitious program of telephone extension and improvement, to install a modern system of automatic or machine-switching equipment in the city of Delhi, the capital of the great Indian empire.

The climate of India is hard on telephone plants, and all equipment has to be specially prepared to withstand the tropical heat. The Indian government does not produce its own telephone exchange apparatus, but orders it from manufacturers in other countries—a substantial portion being of American design.

At present the Indian government telephone system includes only about 13,000 telephones—fewer than there are in the city of Davenport, Iowa. There are also certain privately owned telephone companies in India, operating about 24,000 telephones. Including both the government and the corporation systems, however, the empire of India has only about one telephone to every 10,000 inhabitants, as compared with over 1,600 telephones for every 10,000 people in the United States.

Admires Wife's Morning Dress.

News leaves his apartment at seven each morning and, although his young wife arises and prepares breakfast for him, he was annoyed that at that hour she did not get fully dressed for the day, says the New York Sun and Globe. That she was always attractively attired in a negligee and that she had taken time to do her hair was not appreciated by him. But now he has changed his opinion.

The other morning, not feeling well, he postponed arising till ten o'clock. His wife, becoming dressy in street clothes, served him breakfast in bed and later he departed for his office. Going down the stairs of the walkup apartment house he encountered three women neighbors gossiping. All were attired in gaily wrapped, not one had done her hair and the still wore curlers in her thinning locks. Newsed he only compliments now for his better half.

Dead Shot.

The late Elmer A. Mills, the nature writer of Long's Peak, Colo., was the life of his picturesque and luxurious Long's Peak Inn.

As he carried a shoulder of venison one evening at the height of the hunting season Mr. Mills said to his guests: "That young millionaire sportsman who left us yesterday is an open-handed chap. You don't catch him sending the stuff he shoots to the game market. No, sir, he sends it all to the hospital."

"Splendid!" said an old lady. "And does he send them much?"

"He sent them from here," said Mr. Mills, "a guide, two porters and a friend."

Is This a "Sign" or Something?

A freak cornucopia, resembling a human hand, is the property of A. L. McQuary of Neosho, who was in the city the other day. Mr. McQuary purchased the cob from a farmer residing near Quail Spur. The base of the cob has the appearance of a human hand, with the palm slightly cupped. The thumb and fingers are easily distinguished, with the smaller end of the cob forming the wrist.—Springfield Leader.

Why the Mud Guards?

"Now, John," directed the garage boss, "fix up this fiver for Senator Spur. He is going to campaign in it. So make a thorough examination and see that everything is ready for heavy going. He especially wants extra large mud guards."

"All right, boss," said the helper. "Extra large mud guards he shall have. But—"

"Well, well?"

"I thought there was to be no mud slinging in this campaign."

Here or Nowhere.

Oh, thou that pliest in the imprudent of the actual and eriebtly to the gods for a kingdom wherein to rule and create, know this of a truth: the thing thou seekest is already with thee, "here or nowhere," couldst thou only see!—Thomas Carlyle.

LOOKING FOR SINGING BIRDS

Customers Are Zealously Searching Among the Canaries in the Batearooms.

Canary-bird salesrooms at this season are filled with whispering women straining their ears to detect a singer, pausing now and then to glare at some other customer who is looking for the same bird. Confronted with the hundreds of small cages standing around the wall and with the air filled with a chaos of song, it's no small job to pick out the birds actually singing, says the New York Sun and Globe. The large sign: "No Birds Exchanged" makes the customer all the more tense.

Then, when she's found the singer and the color of the plumage suits, some one else is likely to "listen in" on the same bird. Harried between the doubt it has just the right voice and the fear the other person will buy the bird, she casts dark looks at the intruder. Then, too, there's the attendant who constantly moves among the cages and, detecting a good singer, takes it out of the \$3.50 row and puts it in the \$10 "selected" class.

Desperate after hours of listening and indecision, the customer points to a cage and takes the prisoner home, trusting to luck after all that he's a singer.

WRZOS IS POLISH FOR ROSES

But Capital Newspaper Man Thought It Was Flower-Peculiar to Poland.

There is at least one newspaper man in Washington who will not forget again soon that a rose is just as sweet under any other name; but he will have to live down the circumstances attending his hasty recognition of that fact.

When General Haller, the Polish military hero, visited the White House he announced he was going to place a wreath at the base of the statue of Kosciuszko, the Polish patriot, whose statue stands at one of the corners of Lafayette square. Asked what kind of wreath, General Haller replied it would be a wreath of Wrzos. Whereupon the newspaper man, indulging in language somewhat too flowery, wrote that the "Wrzos was peculiar to the soil of Poland as the heather is to that of Scotland."

When the wreath appeared it was of pink rosebuds, peculiar to the soil of bothhouses around the national capital. wrzos is Polish for the rose.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

"Skyrocketing" the Price of Chairs.

Everyone knows how exorbitant the prices of genuine antique furniture frequently are. The purchasers are generally rich and don't often dispute the price, and the supply is rarely equal to the demand. In a recent court case, says London Opinion, a witness who was a furniture dealer testified as follows:

"In October, 1920, I went to Sudbury Hall, Lord Vernon's place in Derbyshire, to bring to town ten Chippendale chairs and two settees that we had bought. In a few days we sold them to Messrs. Dighton."

"What did you pay for them?" asked the examining lawyer.

"About six hundred pounds."

"How long was it before you sold them to Messrs. Dighton?"

"About six weeks."

"For how much?"

"One thousand four hundred pounds."

"And then they were sold to Mr. Shrager for three thousand pounds. What do you suppose Lord Vernon would think of that—a profit of two thousand four hundred pounds the dealers made out of his chairs in a few weeks?"

What indeed!

Strength of Eggs.

Wonderful provision has been made by nature for the protection of eggs against breakage by building them on the principle of the arch. The fact that no one can break a hen's egg by squeezing it between his hands as long as he applies the pressure in the direction of the long axis of the egg has led to certain experiments with a special apparatus. The eggs were placed point upward on a scale, and pressure was applied by means of a lever and jack. Brown eggs proved stronger than white ones. They broke under a pressure that averaged 155 pounds. White eggs broke under an average pressure of 112.5 pounds. The shells were found to be from .013 to .014 of an inch thick. Since the average diameter of the eggs used was 3 1/2 inches, some idea can be gained of the strength that the egg owes to its structural form.

Strange Companions.

A correspondent at Sydney, N. S. W., sends the following strange story: More than three years ago a tortoise crawled into the grounds of Marango Chase, Morphet, New South Wales, the residence of Capt. D. J. Marshall. At the same time a bat appeared. The tortoise and the bat were friends, and their association caused much amusement. After wandering about the grounds for three months, the tortoise left, followed by the bat.

Neither the tortoise nor the bat was seen again for three years, but recently Captain Marshall was astonished by the reappearance in his grounds of the tortoise and the bat. During their absence they had made a new friend—a mangle, and the queer trio now live in amity.

Probably Is.

A German paperhanger should be worth his weight in marks.

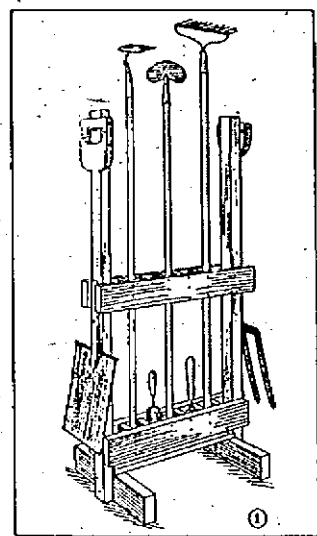
HANDICRAFT FOR GIRLS

By DOROTHY PERKINS

(Copyright by A. Neely Hall.)

GARDEN TOOL RACKS.

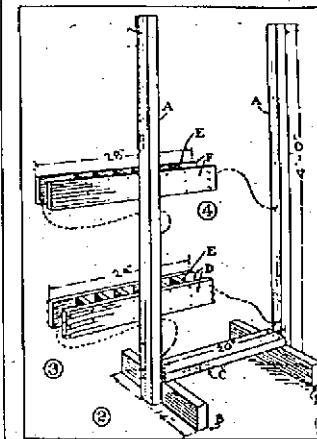
The rack in Fig. 1 was designed for six of an amateur gardener's essential tools—spade, fork, hoe, rake, trimmer, and trowel. There is room for one or two additional tools, and, of course, the rack may be extended as much as you want. Fig. 2 shows the start of the framework. Cut uprights A out of 2 by 2 inch stuff, shoe blocks B out of 2 by 4 inch board, by the lengths indicated in Fig. 2, and nail them together as shown. Then make up the frames shown in Figs. 3 and 4, cutting side pieces D and F out of 1 by 4 inch boards, of the lengths shown, and division blocks E 2 inches long by 4 inches wide; assemble the pieces in the manner shown, spacing the division blocks 2 inches apart. The ends of the lower frame (Fig. 3) come flush with the sides of uprights A, the ends of the upper frame project 2 inches beyond. Fasten the lower frame about



1/2 inch above connecting strip C, the upper frame 18 inches above the lower frame. Drive a nail into each of the uprights A, near the top, on which to hang the spade and fork.

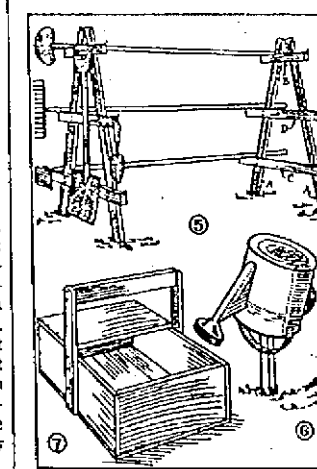
The rack in Fig. 5 is not only a good tool rack, but will serve as a clothes-prop rack as well. The two frames forming it are simple to make, as you will see by the illustration that each requires two uprights (A), with three crosspieces (B, C and D) nailed to them. Nails driven into the ends of the crosspieces are provided to keep the tool handles from rolling off. The nails will also make good hangers for towels.

A stake driven into the ground makes a satisfactory rack for the sprinkling-can. If you can utilize the



space underneath a porch for garden tools, you can suspend tool racks from the porch floor joists, and nails can be driven into the joists on which to hang trowels, weedeis, dibble, sickle, sprinkling can, etc. Give your racks a coat of paint, green or white.

Fig. 7 shows a handled box that will serve several purposes in the garden. It may be used as a stool when weeding, as a step to reach vines overhead, as a receptacle for trowel, weeder, knife, ball of string, and other garden necessities. A grocery box of about the size of a soap box, with one-half of the



cover nailed on, two upright strips nailed to the opposite sides, and a crosspiece fastened between the uprights, is all there is to it. If you want, you can hinge the other half of the cover to the half nailed in place, so the box can be closed.

Stands Hard Winters.

The cheerful little chickadees fit about gardens and roadsides. They nest in orchard trees or garden boxes, says Nature Magazine. The Canadian chickadee weathers the severest winters and is a great favorite because it is such a good little sport. The out-batch (also a winter bird) trips up and down tree trunks.

HANDICRAFT FOR BOYS

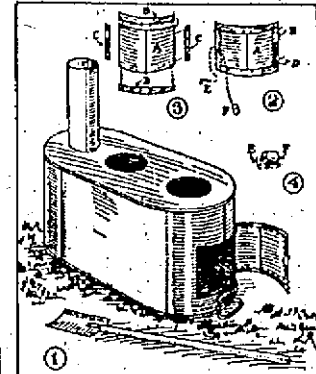
By A. NEELY HALL

(Copyright by A. Neely Hall.)

FOR THE BACKYARD CAMP.

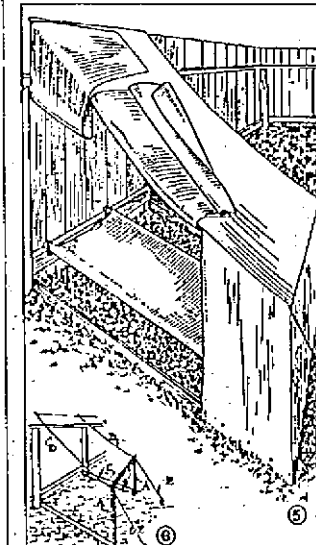
A stove, tent and cot are all the equipment needed for the backyard camp, and as they can be home-made no boy need lack an outfit.

Get an old discarded wash boiler and you will need in addition only a



section of stovepipe and pieces of tin cans for making the camp stove shown in Fig. 1.

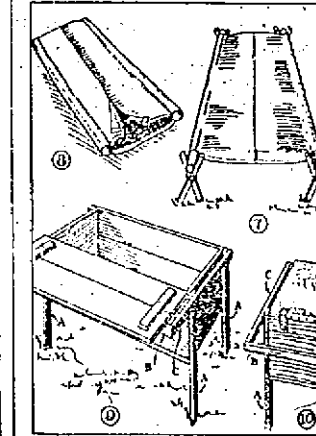
Three openings must be cut through the wash boiler bottom, one for the stove pipe, the others for cooking receptacles to stand over; and in the end of the boiler farthest from the stovepipe, there must be a fuel doorway. The cutting is done best with tin snips, but a can opener will answer the purpose. Describe circles for the round openings, one the size of the stovepipe, the other two 5 inches in diameter. The fuel doorway should measure 8 by 12 inches. The piece of tin removed from the doorway (A, Fig. 3), must be made into a door (Fig. 2) by the addition of tin strips (B and C). Fig. 3 is a detail show-



ing how strips B and C are attached with carpet tacks. Punch holes in the tin to drive the tacks through, and attach the tack ends. Hang the door with hinges made of wire. Pass wire through holes punched through the edge of the door and the boiler, and twist the ends together. A simple catch for the door can be made of a screw hook (E, Fig. 2) and a wooden knob made of a section of broom-handle (F). Punch a hole through the door for the shank of the screw hook to slip through.

Covers for the stove openings can be cut out of tomato cans.

Fig. 1 shows a shovel for remov-



ing ashes from the camp stove, made of a piece of tin fastened in the notched end of a stick.

One of the simplest ways to make a tent is by using a board fence for one wall (Fig. 3), constructing a framework as shown in Fig. 6, and sewing or pinning together pieces of canvas, burlap, and other heavy material, to cover it. Drive corner posts A into the ground (Fig. 6), nail crosspiece B to their tops, and extend strips C from posts A to the fence. Run ropes D from crosspiece B to the fence, and ropes E from B to stakes driven into the ground.

The camp cot in Fig. 7 has a mattress made of canvas, burlap or bed ticking, stuffed with excelsior (Fig. 8).

Figs. 9 and 10 show a provision box. Cut legs A long enough to drive 6 inches into the ground, yet hold the box 6 inches or so above the ground. Crosspiece C, nailed across legs A, supports crosspiece B, which in turn supports the cover when it is open. Batten together the cover boards, and cover with oilcloth or tarpaper.

An Effective Combination.

We all need love in our lives, and praise when deserved; yet, and discipline, too. "How is it that you are so well brought up?" we asked a little girl the other day—the only child of doting parents. Her eyes snapped and with a demure smile she answered: "Love and spanks."—Boston Transcript.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

Charles M. Cole,
PHARMACIST,
302 THAMES STREET
Two Doors North of Post Office
NEWPORT, R. I.

WATER
ALL PERSONS desirous of having water introduced into their residences or places of business should make application to the office, Marlborough Street, near Thames.

WHY
U. S. Aviators Are Tested Before Flying

In a huge steel cylinder in the building which houses the United States air service, Uncle Sam's prospective aviators are put through an appalling test as any human being ever had to endure. The pilots enter the tank and the heavy door closes behind them; then, by means of vacuum pumps and other apparatus, the conditions which they will have to encounter at 25,000 feet are reproduced within the tank.

Each candidate is provided with a tank of oxygen and a mask with which to breathe it; they are dressed exactly as they would be to fly to such a terrific height; and, as an afterthought, telephones are installed so that should the test become more than a man can stand he can ask to be released.

A window is placed in the side of the tank through which an observer watches the imprisoned candidates and notes their response to the stringent conditions.

Hard as the test is, it can easily save a life, as by the use of the tank men who are unfit will be prevented from taking trial flights to high altitudes, where they might easily lose control of the planes and plunge to death.

Similar tanks are installed at Mitchell field, on Long Island, and at other flying centers throughout the country.

TO MEASURE MOLTEN IRON

Radiation Pyrometer Is Used on Outside of Furnace to Get Exact Temperature.

In the manufacture of iron and steel as well as in the chemical processes requiring great heat, it is often necessary to ascertain the exact temperature of the product within the furnace. No ordinary instrument can be used for this purpose. Other devices have also been used, but with only fairly accurate results, until the invention of what is called the radiation pyrometer, an instrument that measures with the greatest accuracy possible the temperature of the interior of a furnace, although located on the outside and at a distance of several feet from the source of the heat.

If two different metals are joined together and their junction heated, there will be an electric current developed which will flow in a circuit, if one is provided. This is the point of junction is heated the greater the current produced. When we introduce into this circuit an instrument for measuring the amount of electricity generated, and instead of igniting the scale to read in volts or amperes we arrange it to indicate degrees of heat; then we have a heat-measuring instrument that may be near or far from the heat source and yet secure the same accurate result. With the instrument above mentioned the temperature of a stream of molten iron may be taken, although the device is some distance from the furnace. In like manner the temperature of a steel billet may be taken as it passes between the rolls which form it into a rail.

Why They Call It Skagway.
How Skagway, Alaska, received its name has been explained in several different ways by quaint Indian legends. Skagway is located at the foot of a mountain and is subjected at times to terrific north winds. An Indian story tells of a beautiful Indian maiden who appeared at this point, and who was adopted by the tribe and given the name of Skagwa. A brave Indian youth fell in love with her. The two quarreled, and Skagwa fled up the mountain, pursued by her lover, and eventually the whole village, but she outdistanced her pursuers, and at the summit disappeared in the mountains and was never seen in the flesh again. Later she appeared to her lover in a dream, and told him if he would honor her memory, and if the Indians would let no stranger come, she would watch over him and them. They guarded the secret of the Pass for many years; and when the bitter north wind swept down through it they would exclaim: "Oh, Skagwa, have mercy upon us!" When the avalanche took place on the Chilkoot trail, that buried many, they said: "Skagwa is enraged!"

Necessary for Ducks to Have Water for Drinking

It was formerly considered necessary to have a swimming pool or pond for ducks, but they can be raised profitably without it. The eggs are more likely to be fertile, however, if given plenty of range and water to swim in. Ducks really do drink more water than hens, and require a deep pond or fountain placed near their food so that they can run to it every little while and drink or wash their bill.

Detect Diarrhea in Young Chicks

Serum Agglutination Tests to Be Made at Illinois University.

The laboratory of animal pathology and hygiene of the University of Illinois is prepared to make a limited number of serum agglutination tests for the detection of white diarrhea in chicks, for owners of breeding stock. Upon request visits will be furnished for collecting blood samples, as well as leg bands bearing numbers for the identification of the flocks. A charge of five cents per sample will be made to cover in part the cost of making the test. Valuable assistance can be obtained from a competent veterinarian in collecting blood samples. University Agricultural Circular No. 273 describes the disease fully.

Bacillary white diarrhea is a specific, highly contagious disease of young chicks. It is one of the few diseases that may be transmitted directly through the egg to the offspring. The disease may also exist in mature stock, but it often remains unrecognized, since there are no visible characteristic symptoms, as in the case of chicks.

Symptoms of infection. Chicks infected through the egg manifest symptoms in a few hours after hatching. In the acute type of the disease affected chicks (three to twelve days old) are drawn and dejected in appearance. The feathers are ruffled, the wings droop and the chick aways back and forth when in a standing position.

Mildly infected chicks grow to maturity, and while they appear to be healthy, harbor an ovarian infection and eventually become active spreaders of the disease.

Bacillary white diarrhea may be transmitted to the chicks through the infected droppings of sick chicks, through contaminated incubators, brooders and pens, or directly through the egg to the chick. A single infected chick at hatching time may be responsible directly or indirectly for communicating the infection to the entire brood.

Control of Disease.

The control of bacillary white diarrhea depends on two factors: First, the detection of infected breeding hens by means of the serum agglutination test, and their removal from the flock; and second, the protection of newly hatched uninfected chicks against infection in incubators, brooders and houses.

Flocks free from the disease are needed to supply healthy breeding stock. Avoid purchasing eggs or breeding stock from infected flocks. Isolate all exposed or infected chicks. Destroy all dead chicks by burning. Intestinal antiseptics, including turpentine, may be regarded as palliative remedies, but should not be depended upon to prevent the development of the disease in infected flocks.

Incubators, brooders and houses should be cleaned and disinfected. Hot lye water (one pound of lye to forty gallons of water) applied with a broom or brush will aid in cleaning. A 3 percent compound cresol solution (U. S. F.) applied with a spray pump is a reliable disinfectant.

Big Mistake in Feeding Laying Hens Stimulants

It is a mistake to feed stimulants and stimulants to hens of pullets in an effort to increase the present egg production, for the simple reason that the feeding of such stimulants has a very detrimental effect upon the performance of the hens during the subsequent breeding season. Stimulation of laying fowls, as in the case of human beings, through the use of drugs or stimulants, can cause nothing else but the eventual breakdown of the physical being of the individual.

Cow Tester Weighs Milk of Animals Separately

When the tester for the cow-testing association visits the farm of a member he weighs all feed and makes note of it in his book. At milking time he weighs the milk of each cow separately and takes a sample of it for testing. He does this both evening and morning. The following morning he tests these samples, calculates the production for the month, enters it in a book which is left with the farmer and then he is ready to move on to the next place at noon.

Pig-Club Boy Develops Herd of Excellent Hogs

About eight years ago a farm boy in a remote section of Rowan county, N. C., joined a pig club which the county agricultural extension agent was organizing, and, as pig club members do, under the guidance of the county agent, he fed and cared for a pig. In this case a Poland China gilt. During the next year the county lost its extension agent. Recently when a new agent came to the county and visited this section he found, according to reports to the United States Department of Agriculture, that the club member, J. E. Morgan, now grown and on his own farm, has kept up his club practices, has developed a herd of Poland China hogs of excellent type, and is regarded as the best hog grower in his community.

Heavy Grain Feeds for Pullets Gaining Favor

Heavy grain feeding for pullets is gaining favor among poultrymen each year. Some of the most successful demonstration farms kept grain in front of the pullets during most of the past winter. At least four pounds of grain to every pound of mash should be fed during the fall and winter months. This matter of heavy grain feeding is of real importance and should not be overlooked.

Comparison of Feeds for Milk Production

Result of Trials Made by Iowa Agricultural College.

A summary on "A Comparison of Roughages for Milk Production," published by the Iowa State College of Agriculture, has the following summary:

The trials reported appear to indicate that:

1. The use of corn fodder instead of corn silage reduces milk production six per cent and fat production three per cent.

2. When the value of dry matter in silage was worth 60 cents per 100 pounds that in corn fodder was worth 32 1/2 cents.

3. With silage valued at \$4.50 per ton, an acre of corn yielding eight tons of green feed and converted into silage will yield \$38 worth of feed, whereas, if converted into fodder the value of the crop will be reduced to \$10.21 per acre.

4. When timothy hay is used to replace alfalfa hay in a good dairy ration the production of milk and butterfat is reduced seven per cent.

5. With alfalfa hay at \$15 per ton timothy hay is worth 80 cents per ton for feeding producing cows.

6. When corn fodder and timothy hay are introduced in a ration in place of corn silage and alfalfa hay there is a decrease of 18 per cent in milk and 14 per cent in fat production.

7. When the two poor roughages, corn fodder and timothy hay, are fed together, this combination gives to them a slightly higher value individually than where one is fed with a good roughage, but good production or economical returns from the feeds cannot be obtained.

8. Corn silage and a legume hay (alfalfa) are the best roughages for dairy cattle, while corn fodder and timothy hay are poor.

9. If the corn crop is all to be fed to the cows it should be put in the silo. On the dairy farm hays such as timothy should be sold and legume hays purchased in their stead.

Clean Up Droppings of Flock in Winter Months

The droppings of the flock should be cleaned up regularly, especially throughout the winter months while the birds are housed together without free range. Many diseases are spread from bird to bird by means of infective droppings of a sick fowl. Against all such risks, the successful poultryman defends his flock when he cleans up and uses powdered, air-dried lime.

Weeds and Insects Are Big Drawbacks to Crops

Weeds and insects are the greatest drawback to large acreage yields. Weeds deprive the soil of the material contents necessary for the development of the cultivated plants. Clean cultivation is necessary to give the crop the benefit of the soluble nutrient material of the soil and winter deep plowing will also assist in preventing damage by insects.

New Iowa Legume Being Shoved Into Limelight

Dalea, the new legume found growing near Logan, Iowa; a few years ago, is being shoved right out into the limelight by H. D. Hughes, of Iowa experiment station. Hughes is the man who froited out Hubam, the annual sweet clover, a few years ago. This crop has pleased the bee folks more than any other class, for Hubam is a great pasture crop for bees.

Flashlight Egg Tester Is Quite Handy Device

Telling when an egg is bad by a pocket flashlight is easily done by putting the egg in a cardboard holder rolled like a funnel, the small end containing the bulb of the flashlight. A pressure of the button and the light is thrown up through the funnel and through the egg, which will thoroughly show the condition of its contents.

Why Coins Wear Down.

There is a great deal of loss from wear in the silver coins in circulation. Half-crowns, florins, shillings and sixpences decrease in value annually by at least \$11,000.

A wonderful electrical instrument, known as the induction balance, shows that a coin actually loses a fraction of weight when a finger is passed over it.

But it is when coins rub against each other in people's pockets and purses, drop on a counter or on the ground, and so on, that they really wear. If you "ring" a coin to test its genuineness, you remove some of the metal of which it is composed.

The smaller the value of the coin the greater the wear, as it is in use more constantly.

Experiments shows that in 100 years £100 worth of half-crowns would lose 413 lbs. of their value. The same sum in shillings would decrease in value by £30 14s. 6d; whereas sixpences to the value of £100 would be worth less than half what they were originally, losing metal to the value of £5 18s. 8d.

Nowadays, when coins become very much worn, they are withdrawn from circulation.—London Times.

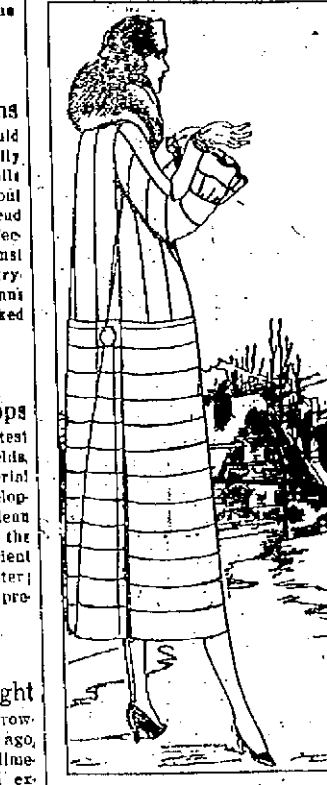
William Trefrey, bank robber, serving a 20-year sentence for a holdup and robbery in the First National Bank of Portland, Conn., in 1920, has made a plea before the Board of Pardons in behalf of a "pal," Thomas Morrow, who has petitioned for a pardon. Trefrey said that Morrow did not know in advance of the automobile trip that a bank robbery was planned. The board accepted the statement that other members of the gang who are in prison would give similar evidence, and these prisoners were not called.

Utility and Style in Sports Clothes

Tweeds, Twills, Corduroys, Homespun, New Weaves Are Used.

Some of the most charming things now offered by the couturiers and shops are designed for sports, for week-end entertaining and general country wear. Frocks and wraps, notes a fashion authority in the New York Times, are made with both utility and style considered, and the chicness of sports clothes has influenced sharply the styles in all street costumes. For all dress of this character are shown a great variety of materials: tweeds and twills, homespun, corduroys and a number of new weaves. It is distinctly a homespun season. The Rodier-fabrics are having a great vogue, and are most attractive in plaids, broken stripes and mixtures for suits and coats. Saleswomen talk intelligently and engagingly of the "pile fabrics," the "Burlington weaves," the "Bobby tweeds"; of swansdown (not the fluffy white stuff that trimmed mother's party dress when she was a little girl, but warm, woolly goods for suits and wraps). And of "Flamingo," a material not necessarily red, nor a species of bird; of "gerona," "velours," "lustrous and orlon"—the latter for more elaborate use.

Daring patterns are employed for both frocks and wraps, stripes of two tones of contrasting colors; large plaids and self-plaids, and the fur collar is seen on almost every coat and suit of whatever style. Some are most lavishly trimmed with fur, large collar, big cuffs and bottom band. All of the heavier furs are seen, the foxes, squirrels, nutria, opossum, ringtail, being among the most fashionable. Fox is, of course, particularly adapted to the large collars of the topcoats of



Coat of Honey-Colored Duvelyn, Is Made With Stripes Used Originally to Walatline. Collar Is Kamchatka Fox.

rough goods and conspicuous designs. The sports coat is a garment of importance. More wraps of this sort than any other are shown, and they serve equally well for street wear, for motorizing, or for athletic events. They have all that appearance which once was known as "English," tweedy, roomy, and built for comfort.

One of the most striking models seen in a Fifth Avenue house is made of rough, but soft, English goods in honey color, with narrow stripes of black, wide apart. A knee length band of the goods, using the stripe crosswise, forms the bottom of the coat, and the large shawl collar is made of Kamchatka fox. On the coats of soft-toned materials, the castors, lams and browns, red fox is especially harmonious. The newest sports coats are cut on a generous plan, and swing away from the figure, some with a decided flare.

Colors You Can Wear; Some Are Unbecoming

Rare, indeed, is the woman who is quite satisfied with the colors she may wear with assurance of their becomingness, and does not crave the shade that is decidedly unbecoming.

It is truly the "something we may not win"—or wear—that attracts us ever.

It may be red or green or a deep, rich shade of purple that is wholly out of the question, but is sure to be something that lures, yet is sure to be considered for a costume.

There is, however, a way of satisfying this desire, in the present vogue for costume accessories, so that with a little study one may evolve a harmony that includes the forbidden color.

For instance, one may keep quite conservatively and economically to navy blue in her apparel for the street, varying it with hats and shoes that are of another color or another shade of blue.

Sure Does Travel.
"If I had a race horse," said Uncle Eben, "I'd name 'im Last Dollar, 'cause dar ain't nothin' 'bout goin' faster."

Art of Losing.
To lose with grace is even more of an art than to win with modesty.

Cont as Gorgeous as Bright Navajo Blanket



Warm woolen material, heavily embroidered, is the interesting feature of this new French coat. Broad bands of fox trim the collar, cuffs and hem.

Should Consider Your Windows and Hangings

No one would quarrel with the statement that windows are for the purpose of admitting light and air into a room. But that windows enter far more extensively into the planning of a house than the foregoing statement would seem to imply is also easily to be understood. We must consider them as decorative units from the outside of the house and from the inside of the various rooms. These viewpoints must be closely related, while at the same time recognizing that they are different problems. Then, too, windows must be considered from the purely decorative standpoint—the utilitarian side entirely forgotten.

Windows, therefore, for much of the time that we spend in our homes are as much a part of the purely decorative of its finish as is the cornice, dado, etc. In addition to these various phases of window treatment we have to consider window draperies and shades.

From all of these aspects we discover that in planning and in finishing much consideration must be given to position, actual and relative size, character, furnishing accessories.

Windows should not exceed the bounds of utilitarianism, beyond this they automatically become inartistic. Any light, to be agreeable to the human eye, must not be exaggerated. Just as there should be no uncovered electric light bulb in the house so should there be no window admitting intolerable light.

Blue Is Among Favored Fabrics for Evening

Among the colors that have been introduced for the present season one finds a marked favor accorded certain shades of blue, notably those that are found in the art work and embroideries of China. Distinguished by brilliancy, they are handled with great skill and are really more becoming than one would suspect, for in modern designing even the smallest bit of color is employed with telling effect.

Sapphire blue comes in for a great deal of attention, especially in frocks designed for evening wear. Almost without exception they are fashioned on slender, graceful lines, with a note of contrast introduced in silver embroideries or motifs of crystal beads and brilliants.

As an exception to the general scheme of blue and crystal, one frock is of sapphire blue velvet, but its sole decoration consists of appliques of chiffon in shades of mauve and orchid. Accompanying this is a cape of velvet in the same tone lined with cloth of silver shag with mauve.

Snap-on Trimmings May Be Applied to Same Hat

Five different kinds of snap-on trimmings may be applied to the same hat. Either a small cloche shape or a large mushroom is good, though the trimmings may be applied to any shape whatever.

One trimming consists of three wheel ornaments made of ribbon and attached to a band of ribbon which culminates in a semitailored bow. Snaps are fastened to this trimming on the under side to correspond with snaps that have been sewn to the hat, so that all millady has to do is look over her array of ribbon trimmings and choose the one that matches her costume and snap it onto her hat. When a new costume is worn she merely unsnaps this trimming, chooses another and applies it in the same way.

Taffeta Pillows Are Most Attractive.
Taffeta pillows of all shapes and sizes are seen in an interesting display. They are particularly attractive when made of changeable taffeta and simply trimmed with rows of the new narrow ribbons that have a suggestion of metal about them.

She Maketh Her Own Clothes.
She layeth her hands on the spindle and her hands hold the distaff.—Solomon.

Children Ory FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

HOW BIRDS FLY PROVES A PUZZLE FOR STUDENTS.

How many people can answer this question: "How does a bird fly?" It seems simple enough, and yet it is a problem that the wisest in such matters have made a study.

The most prominent fact about a bird, in which it differs from all other creatures, except the bat and insects, is its power of flying. For this purpose the bird's arm ends in only one long, slender finger, instead of a full hand. To this are attached the quills and small feathers on the upper side, which make up the wing.

Observe how light all this is! In the first place, the bones are hollow, then the shafts of the feathers themselves are made of the most delicate filaments, interlocking and clinging to one another with little grasping hooks of microscopic fineness. An open wing forms a hollow on its under side like an inverted saucer; when the wing is forced down, the upward pressure of the air, caught under the cavity, lifts the bird up, much the same as you, hoist yourself up between the parallel bars in a gymnasium.

This explains how the bird keeps itself in the air, but how does it sail forward at such terrific speed? It never in this way could get ahead, and the hardest question is now to be answered. Now the front edge of the wing, formed of the bones and muscles of the forearm, is rigid and unyielding, while the hinder margin is merely the soft, flexible ends of the feathers; so when the wing is forced down, the air under it, finding this margin yielding, the easier will rush out here, and, in so doing, will bend up the ends of the quills, pushing them forward out of the way which, of course, tends to force the bird ahead. This process, quickly repeated by the flapping of the wings, results in the bird moving forward in its flight.—Elmer Whittaker, in Our Dumb Animals.

TO MEASURE SMALL THINGS

Many Devices Used to Gauge Distances and Articles We Cannot See.

One is accustomed to hear of measurements of tremendous distances, such as those between the earth and some of the stars, which run into thousands of billions of miles. But what can one think of measuring accurately the five hundred millionth part of an inch?

The most accurate of ordinary instruments can measure the five hundred millionth part of a mile, which is less than three ten-thousandths of an inch. To measure the five hundred millionth part of an inch an instrument must be 50,000 times more delicate; yet it has been done.

The appliance used is something like the tuning circuit of a wireless valve set. You know that if you turn the knob of the condenser the wavelength is altered. We can make a condenser by placing two plates of metal one above the other with an air space between them.

If the tuning circuit is a delicate one, an almost infinitesimal bending of one of the plates will make a difference in the wave-length. It is easy to calculate how much bending causes any given difference.

The measuring appliance employs a condenser of this kind, by means of which the tiny distance mentioned can be measured with ease. If a half-inch bar of steel is placed in a vise and connected with the apparatus, the distance it sags when a fly settles upon it is instantly and accurately recorded on a dial.

If a fly walks on a piece of iron the pointer records how the whole mass quivers under its weight, and it will even measure the expansion of the iron caused by the heat of the insect's body.

The invention will be of great use to scientists, who hitherto have been baffled in their work when very tiny measurements were needed.

How to Fight Stock Swindlers.

Cities and towns throughout the country could well follow the example of Rochester, N. Y., where the investors' protective committee of the Rochester chamber of commerce guides the public in its investing. It is a group of 80 men and women selected from various civic and fraternal organizations, prominent bankers, lawyers, educators and police officials. Far-reaching investigations have been made of the numerous stock schemes and the past histories of the promoters responsible for them have been looked into. A campaign through the press and industrial magazines of the various factories in and around Rochester was conducted recently.—Thrill Magazine.

How Family Names Originate.

During the Middle Ages a man had no name but his Christian or baptismal name. In the course of time there arose the necessity for some further distinction and a man was described according to his trade, his residence, his father's name, or some personal peculiarity. A very large number of names are derived from the Christian paternal name, and in each country particular affixes are used. It was not until the twelfth century that surnames became hereditary.

Woman Inspector.

In an effort to enforce minimum wage legislation for women workers, the British Columbia government has appointed a special woman inspector who will visit all establishments where women are employed to see that they are receiving the treatment required by law.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO
Mercury, January 3, 1824
The most prominent thing in this issue is a "Union Meeting House Lottery," by the Authority of the State of Rhode Island. "The drawings will commence at the State House, Newport, January 28, and last 30 days, Peleg Almy, Stephen B. Cornell, Samuel Clark and Borden Slocum, managers." The managers put forth a strong plea for the public to come up and buy tickets as there is need of a house of worship in Portsmouth, and the house already begun cannot be finished unless the public help by buying tickets for this lottery.

There are two other meeting-house lotteries in this same issue, one the "Union Meeting-house Lottery," and the other "West Baptist Society Lottery." One hundred years ago lotteries were the popular way of raising church money.

The light house lately erected on Goat Island in this harbor, was lighted on the first instant. Samuel Watson has been appointed keeper.

Two complete sets of officers of St. John's Lodge, No. 1 are advertised in this issue, one headed by John L. Boss master, and the other by Benjamin W. Case R. W. Master. (This was a short lived rebellion organized by Case, who calls his "Real and Ancient St. John's Lodge.")

Seventy-Five Years Ago
Mercury, January 6, 1849
A Proclamation by His Excellency and Most Christian Majesty, Santa Claus: Captain General and Commander-in-Chief and Giver of All Presents, do issue this my proclamation that I shall be in Newport throughout the holidays for the purpose of distributing to the young Masters and Misses the greatest variety of Toys, etc., ever offered before in any village, town or city. Given under my Hand and Seal at the City of Notions this 20th day of December, 1848, and of American Independence the seventy-second. Signed Santa Claus.

The Chief Justice of the U. S. Supreme Court on the 30th ult., delivered an elaborate and able report upon the Rhode Island case, affirming the Circuit Court of Rhode Island. The Court is unanimous in the judgment of condemnation of the Dorr Rebellion.

Tuesday and Wednesday were the coldest days of the present season. The sleighing was never better than it is now.

Company E, Third Artillery, arrived at Fort Adams on Thursday, from New London. They are under the command of that brave and accomplished officer, Major T. W. Sherman of this town.

Ho for the land of gold! We understand that the whaling ship Audley Clarke has been purchased by a Company in this town, for an expedition to California.

Married in this town on Monday evening last by Rev. Dr. Choules, Mr. Frederick Augustus Pratt to Miss Elizabeth Messer, all of this place.

FIFTY YEARS AGO
Mercury, January 3, 1874
Forty-five persons have died in Newport the past year whose ages were 70 years and over. The oldest person was Hannah Sunderland, aged 100. Six aged persons have died in Middletown every one of whom were well known and prominent citizens: David Buffum, 86; Philip Anthony, 84; John H. Spooner, 79; Robert B. Caswell, 78; Robert S. Chase, 77; Samuel Anthony, 76.

The Hammond Block on Thames Street has been purchased by William K. Covell, Jr., for \$18,000, and will be immediately fitted up for his business as a house furnishing establishment. This is an important sale and the contemplated improvements will make this a valuable block.

The Perry Mill Co. have reduced the price of their operators 10 per cent, and reduced the hours of labor from 12 to 11. The 8-hour system does not receive favor with this corporation.

Mr. N. W. Littlefield, former principal of the Newport High School, and lady, have been spending a few days in town. Mr. Littlefield is now superintendent of schools in Westerly.

Last November was the coldest known in this region for many years, and December was the mildest for an equal number of years.

Sleighting for the past few weeks has been good enough to draw out what sleighs there were to be had. A little more snow would have improved things.

Business failures have been of unusual number in this city of late. The effects of the panic have left some faint marks here as well as elsewhere.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO
Mercury, January 7, 1899
At the regular session of the Merry B's whist club Thursday evening the contest was as usual interesting from start to finish. The prizes were captured by Miss Lottie Hilton and Mr. Frank G. Scott, who had the highest scores, the consolation going to Mrs. William McKenzie and Mr. Everett S. Greason.

Mr. J. P. Kohler, superintendent of the Newport & Jamestown Ferry Co., gave a dinner on New Year's Day to twenty-six of the poor children of the city at "The Allen." The dinner was one of the best ever served at that popular restaurant and the guests did full justice to it.

Monday afternoon Alderman Shepley entertained the present and the retiring members of the Board of Aldermen and the Overseers of the Poor at dinner.

The new city government was inaugurated Monday; William G. Stevens was elected chief clerk; Pardon S. Knoll, chief of police; Robert N.

Franklin, judge of probate; Duncan A. Hazard, probate clerk; Edward W. Higbee, collector of taxes; Theophilus Topham, treasurer; Robert L. Oman, sanitary inspector; overseers of the poor, L. L. Simmons, James B. Cottrell, William Shepley, and a large number of other officials. Mayor Boyle delivered his inaugural address.

Capt. J. P. Cotton has been elected president of the New England Commercial Bank vice James C. Swan, deceased.

Major A. A. Barker of the 1st R. I. Regiment has been home on a short furlough for this week.

Mr. Rodman Cornell died at his residence on Ayrault street Thursday morning after a long illness. Mr. Cornell was born and educated in this city, and had long been in business here.

Mrs. Catherine R., widow of Augustus W. Smith, died at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. Walter N. Hill, Thursday morning, aged 90 years.

The funeral of the late Charles G. Muenchinger, who died Saturday of last week, was solemnized Tuesday. Mr. Muenchinger was born in Germany in 1827, and came to this country in 1848. He had been in business in this city since 1852.

Mr. George W. Peckham died at his home in Fall River on Wednesday, aged 82 years. Mr. Peckham was a native of Middletown.

Shares of the Newport & Fall River Street Railway Company are selling at \$103 in Fall River.

Mr. George A. Brown, one of the leading citizens of Middletown, died at his home yesterday morning. He had been ill for some time.

Henry C. Armstrong of Providence, a gentleman well known in this city, died at his home Thursday afternoon. He was for many years connected with the Kendall Mfg. Co., and was very popular everywhere.

The Waring fund has now reached \$100,000.

"A splendid stroke! Did you follow the ball, Coddle?" "No, but I think the gentleman with the red coat can tell where it struck. I see him feel in of his head."

LAWS STILL DISCRIMINATE AGAINST WOMEN
A survey of laws has established the fact that every discrimination complained of by women in 1848, except in the franchise, still exists in some parts of the country today, and that many of them are practically universal.

Except in the eight community property states, the services of the wife in the home are the property of the husband; practically everywhere women are paid less than men for the same work in both public and private employment.

In Georgia and Maryland, a father may will the children entirely away from the custody of the mother, and in Alabama he has the right to will away the child from the mother after it has reached the age of fourteen. In a number of states the father has a greater right than the mother to the control and guardianship of children, and to determine their education, their religious environment, etc.

In Vermont and Georgia a married woman's earnings belong legally to her husband, and not to herself and may be seized by her husband's creditors to meet his debts. In Florida a husband is entitled to manage and control the wife's property. In Kentucky and Texas the husband can obtain a divorce more easily than can the wife. Examples of similar discriminations against women might be multiplied.

BOARD OF ALDERMEN
At the meeting of the board of aldermen on Thursday evening, President Harry A. Titus of the Chamber of Commerce appeared before the board with two propositions for their consideration. One asked that the city accept the road on the south side of Commercial wharf as a public highway, deeds from the owners being turned over to the city. He explained that the building of the cigar factory there and the general use of the roadway as a highway made it necessary for the city to take it over.

The other matter was in regard to publicity for the city. Mr. Titus said that the Chamber of Commerce felt that the cost of proper advertising was greater than the Chamber could handle and asked that the City apply to the General Assembly for authority to make appropriations for this and similar purposes. Mayor Sullivan and City Solicitor Sullivan doubted that the Legislature would pass any "blanket" act, but would want specific information as to the purposes for which the city proposed to appropriate money. The board took the matter under advisement and will give it careful consideration.

A great deal of routine business was transacted.

Announcement has been made this week that the Weld estate on Bellevue avenue has been selected as the site for one of the two Catholic High Schools to be built in Newport as the result of the recent drive for funds throughout the state. The intention now is to erect two high schools, one for boys and the other for girls, but decision has not yet been reached as to which sex will use the Weld property. This estate is located in the midst of the summer colony on Bellevue avenue, being directly opposite the E. J. Berwind estate.

When in doubt, it may be in doubt whether he is having a good time running his motor car.

It is a man doesn't like machinery, he may be in doubt whether he is having a good time running his motor car.

LURE OF MOUNTAIN
Thousands Face Danger to Climb Difficult Places.
Many Persons Attracted to This Form of Sport, Owing to Its Health Giving.

What is the lure which every year draws throngs of people to face discomfort or danger that they may climb a few hundred or thousand feet above the level of the sea? asks Francis Arnold Collins. The thrill of facing danger, after all, attracts but few; many are repelled by it. The explanation, doubtless, lies deeper. Mountain climbing assures the delights of difficulties overcome. It means exercise in the open and an ascent to freer and more exhilarating air and wider scene. Beyond all sports, again, it is health giving. The most democratic of contests, it requires only an equipment of stout shoes and sufficient determination. It may be taken in doses varied from day to day to suit the climber's taste and ambition. One must be satisfied to ramble among the foothills, another aspires to conquer Mount Blanc, and both may be satisfied without violating the rules of the game.

The attitude of the world in general toward mountain climbing has undergone several curious changes. The ancients looked upon the mountains with indifference. The great peaks filled either to tempt the adventurer or inspire the writer. Throughout the Middle Ages the mountains inspired all classes with downright terror, so that no one ventured to climb even the familiar lower peaks. Only in the last century have men lost their terror of the mountains and found the courage and daring to scale them.

The early mountain climbers risked their lives in a spirit of adventure, as a rule. The ambition to be the first, or among the first, to scale the peaks which had always been considered inaccessible has caused thousands of climbers to face appalling risks. The price paid in loss of life in conquering the highest mountains of the world is amazingly high. The spirit of exploration and scientific investigation, again, has served to carry men farther, perhaps, than the mere daredevil spirit of adventure, notably in the cases of De Saussure and Professor Tyndall.

Within the last few years, however, the attitude of the public mind toward the mountains has once more undergone an interesting transformation. Today, mountain climbing is not generally regarded as a daring and dangerous adventure or an opportunity for exploration. For millions of people, the world over, it is merely one of the harder forms of outdoor sport. Its appeal has thus been indefinitely extended. The inspiration and healthfulness of mountain climbing are brought within reach of all.

The lessons learned from countless accidents in mountain climbing have robbed this fascinating pastime of most of its dangers. Today, when accidents befall, they are almost always due to ignorance, lack of experience, or downright carelessness. All forms of mountain climbing have been reduced to an exact science.—St. Nicholas Magazine.

Days of Wildcat Bankings.
The term "wild cats," today applied to worthless securities of any description, was originally the name given to certain banks in Michigan. Back in 1837 there was a severe financial panic. Many banks failed.

The currency which they had circulated became worthless, many bogus banks started up and issued "bank notes," and the country was overrun with a swarm of counterfeiters. Banking and business were demoralized and, to make matters worse, lax legislation was passed in many states, permitting almost any kind of financial robbery in the name of banking.

Such was the case in Michigan, where forty banks were started under a law of fraudulent character. These banks were called "wild cats" because the bank notes issued by them bore a picture of that animal. All but four of these failed within two years, hence the term "wild cat" to denote a very insecure financial obligation.—Detroit News.

Choosing Cheese.
Do not choose cheese solely by its color, for color has very little to do with its quality, says an English paper. A deep yellow is produced by the addition of coal tar or other coloring matter, and does not indicate rich cheese. Texture, on the other hand, is the best indication of quality. Good cheese cuts grainy, rather than waxy, is reasonably solid, and not too greasy. Crumbly cheese is likely to be acid. When cheese is new it is mild in flavor, when well ripened it develops a sharper and stronger taste. There is no scientific reason for the statement that strong cheese has undergone putrefaction.

Oil From Grape Seeds.
The commercial makers of grape juice find some 1,100 tons of grape seeds on their hands as a by-product. It is now proposed to dry and crush the seeds for the oil they contain, and the bureau of plant industry says the idea is entirely feasible. The seeds contain about 10 per cent of a pale yellow oil, rather sweet and with a faint taste as of nuts. It is capable of making a useful and agreeable table oil.

Just a Musclican.
A beautiful girl had just finished singing "My Little Home in Devonshire." The hostess was surprised to see a man in a distant corner of the drawing-room visibly affected. Tears stood in his eyes, and he shook his head. "Poor Mr. Smith!" she said sympathetically. "I'm afraid that song recalled sad memories to you. Are you a Devonshire man?" "No, I'm just a musclican."

WAVES ARE MADE TO ORDER
Ingenuous Machine Devised That Produces Billows and Whitecaps on Pleafed Lake.

It appears that "all kinds of waves" are now made to order and that one can order any one of a half dozen varieties of waves, produced by an odd-looking bit of machinery devised for the purpose.

Some of the six or seven varieties of waves are: The gentle, rolling billows; the short, choppy kind; the whitecap variety, and big ones resembling the ocean waves. Each of these, it is reported, can be manufactured at will merely by manipulating the four plungers of the machine in different ways. For instance, if you want the long, rolling billows all you have to do is to cause the four plungers to work in unison. They plunge into the water all at once and cause the big swells. If the short, choppy wave is wanted the plungers are worked independently of each other. Two up and two down gives the whitecap sort.

This curious machinery, which makes perfect waves, was invented to convert placid lakes at summer resorts into lakes with real live waves and make bathers think they were enjoying a real Atlantic or Pacific surf—at least while the machinery was working, for as soon as the electric motor is stopped the water resumes its placidity. It appears that these waves can be made all day long for thousands of bathers and at comparatively little expense. It is said that a dollar a day is the cost of operating the electric motor that drives the machine.—Washington Star.

QUEEN PHOTOGRAPHED IN BED
Marie of Jugo-Slavia Has Pictures Taken With Her Infant Son.

British women are deeply interested in the publication in all illustrated newspapers of pictures of the young queen of Jugo-Slavia lying in bed with her infant son, the heir to the throne.

This is the first time that a monarch's consort has been photographed in bed, and it is also the first time that a queen has been photographed with her hair flowing loose over the shoulders, and also the first time a king has been shown sitting at the royal bedside holding a baby in his arms.

Queen Marie, a beautiful young brunette, is seen wearing a nightgown adorned with a costly lace necklet. She is also pictured with a magnificent pearl necklace as she lies in a plain brass bedstead with the infant crown prince pillowed in her left arm.

Another photograph represents the heir's grandmother, the queen of Rumania, fondling and kissing the Balkan prince.

What appeals particularly to society leaders here is that while stage beauties invariably are tastefully marcelled when subjected to the camera, in bed or out, the queen of Jugo-Slavia consented to admit the photographer before her maid had even brushed her hair.—Robert J. Frew, in a London dispatch to the Chicago Herald and Examiner.

Deciphering Charred Documents.
In most detective stories incriminating papers are destroyed by being burned and the baffled detective or other interested person is therefore unable to learn their contents. But a method has now been discovered of reading the writing that was on a document. The charred paper is placed in contact with a fast or medium plate for a week or two in the dark and the plate then developed as usual. There appears to be an emanation that affects the plate except where the charred ink acts as a protective coating. It is curious that this need a much longer contact than plates, and that sometimes the effect is reversed unless the film is previously washed and dried.

Far From It.
"I often see my wife standing at the stove like an ancient high priestess," remarked an Old Roman. "And this rit of frying eggs is no trivial one, I declare."

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AND
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PRICE 25 CENTS 25 CENTS FOR FIRST INSERTION, 10 CENTS FOR REPEATS
For Sale To Let Help Wanted Situations Gen'l Lost and Found

NEWPORT AND PROVIDENCE RAILWAY COMPANY
Cars Leave Washington Square for Providence
Week Days—7:35, 8:50 and each hour to 4:50
Sundays—8:50 and each hour to 7:30

New York VIA FALL RIVER LINE
Fare \$4.44
Large, Comfortable Staterooms, Orchestrations on each Steamer
Lv. Newport, (Long Wharf) 9:25 P.M.
Due New York 7:00 A.M.

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Over 40 years of catering to the grain buying public have placed us in a position to supply your every need in that line.
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